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THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Exactly young man; but you'll please step down to the office first, and settle your bill with the city."

"Bill be hanged! The city don't owe me anything, and I'm satisfied with the accommodations here."

"Don't get in a passion, now. You have just got to come along, and perhaps it will save you a bill for your breakfast."

"I ain't a going. Don't care about compromising myself, and if the city has anything against me, let them write to Smith & Jones, Attorneys at Law, New York City. If you've got a gold snuff box in your pocket for me, just shell it out, and travel."

"None of your chaff. I mean business; and as for a snuff box, here's the article if you're going to be refractory." As the officer—for it was a policeman—said this, he exhibited a pair of handcuffs.

Dick on the previous night had examined the situation of his room and discovered that he was located on the third story; furthermore, that the lightning rod ran within a few inches of his window. As he was standing near the sash, in a moment he had thrown it up and flung open the shutters. "There's no use of making a disturbance; you have got to come," said the officer, quickly advancing, and laying his hand on Dick's shoulder.

He was a strong looking man, and one that looked dangerous to meddle with. He did not seem at all alarmed at the muscular powers of King Dick, and alone had come to hunt him up.

"Not very fast," said King, suddenly slipping under his arm, at the same time wheeling around so as to bring the back of the policeman towards the wall; "away you go, sonny!" With a prodigious exertion of power, Dick fairly, by a cross-buttock, threw the officer out of the window!

But he did not let go. On the contrary, he kept a tight hold on the collar of the copper, and there the worthy city luminary hung—out of a window in the third story, and merely attached to an individual who only weighed about a hundred and forty-five pounds.

"Now then, sonny, you're in for it, and no mistake," said Dick. "You've tried to wring in with the wrong crowd this time, and if it wasn't for your pretty wife and interesting children, I'd let you drop immediately; as it is, I'd advise you to catch on to that lightning rod before I get tired of holding you."

The officer was evidently a man of sense. He was capable of believing that even the muscles of King Dick might tire, and that perhaps the mercies of the iron lightning rod would be more tender than those of the man who had got him into so ticklish a position. Accordingly, without any more demonstrations, he caught hold and began the descent.

"Now then, Mart, cut your lucky; we've got to be in a most almighty hurry, for there'll be hell to pay when Uncle Daniel strikes the ground."

Mart was looking out from under one corner of the bed quilt at the row, and when he saw the man go through the window, his countenance was not, in its expression, far behind that of Frighty Bob's. He heaved a sigh of relief when first assured that destruction was not inevitable, and bounded from the bed with the elasticity of the India Rubber man, on Dick's invitation. As the two struck the entry or hall, they stumbled against the clerk of the establishment who had been so officious in pointing out the room. With one single effort Dick tumbled him through the doorway into the room they had just left and slammed too the fastening. The key was in the lock, and to turn that did not take much time, and the way they took two flights of stairs was a caution. There wasn't any stopping to settle up accounts; but, as King had left behind a rather large trunk, he concluded that that should stand for it until such time as it would be healthy to make a longer stay.

As Dick was rather unacquainted with the topography of the city, he set out on a course pretty much at right angles with the street leading to the wharf; and Mart Springer followed. Two blocks off, King held up—for they had been walking fast—and looked around, for it seemed to him that it must be near breakfast time. Mart rather stared when requested to point out an eating-saloon, but he complied. A hearty meal restored the balance which had almost been destroyed by the rencontre; and leaving the room, by circuitous ways, Mart led the way towards the wharf from which the boat for New Orleans was to start.

They did not get there a bit too soon, for steam was up, and the plank was just being lifted. Slowly the boat shoved off, and made her way out into the middle of the current. Faster and faster turned the paddle wheels—the wharf is near a quarter of a mile behind. A breathless star, followed by a dozen other breathless stars, are standing on the dock, but they are just a little too late. King Dick has disappeared. And thus, while they stand there, and, for the edification of the crowd, recount the prowess of King Dick, that worthy is going down the river.

Hurrah for the rivers—the Missouri and the Mississippi, we mean.

He who has never been down the river has never seen life, and the oftener you go down, the more eye teeth you cut.

Such crowds as you see there! Men from everywhere, and men of every trade, occupation and profession under the sun. Fighting men and praying men; men wicked, and men religious; the gambler in stocks and the gambler in commodities of trade, cheek by jowl with the gambler *par excellence;* the man who fingers the pasteboards for a living—the hardy, reckless, sharp eyed, soul-reading "speiler," who can tell the depths of your pocket by the twist of your eye, and the strength of your mind by the word of your lip.

It was into one of such crowds as you meet on the boat, that King Dick found himself packed. People on this side, people on that; swarms of people, all busy with their own concerns and those of their neighbors. With the approach of evening, business commenced; and the institutions of euchre, seven-up, and poker, began to sprout and flourish vigorously.

'Hadn't we better go in?" asked Mart Springer as he viewed the various card parties scattered through the cabin.

"Better not, I guess. Just hold on a while, and perhaps to-morrow night I can show you a touch in the line. I want to see the way they do this sort of thing out here. I've traveled some for the last few years, but there's a few teeth to sprout yet, and it's with a man just like it is with a baby—some takes it almighty hard, while others go through with it easier. What do you say to a whiskey skin?"

A brace of skins were disposed of.

"It's a doggone shame to see money laying around so plenty, and yet not have a hand in it. I can take a hand myself, and I'm going to go in. I generally carries my baggage pretty much about me; but running away from home so sudden, rather unstringed my speculative faculties; but I can't stand this. Here's for a game, if its only for corn whiskey drinks, and worn out shoe brushes."

Mart Springer strolled away in quest of a game, and King Dick was alone.

"What do you say, stranger, to a little game, just to pass away the time?" sounded insinuatingly in the ears of our hero, and he turned to see who it was who thus addressed him.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE LONGEST POLE KNOCKS THE PERSIMMONS."

How the "little game" progressed—That Letter and what it Meant—Four Aces—The longest pole knocks the Persimmons—Frightened Bob's Experience—A Plant—Who Stole that Watch?—Fat and Forty Drops—Off at Cairo—No use crying for the cream the cat's eat—Rather a quisby go—New Orleans and Mart's pecking Cab.

WHEN Dick looked up, he saw standing in front of him a young man apparently about his own age, of middling height, well dressed, with dark moustache and darker hair, just in the act of replacing a segar in his mouth, after having made the speech recorded in the last chapter.

"Can't say that I'm particularly inclined in that way," responded our hero. "Not being much of a player, and having heard a good deal about playing on the river, I would prefer being somewhere where I could look on, but safe as to pocket."

"As far as your pocket is concerned, you need not be alarmed; for I am only a moderately good player, and hardly feel like risking much on a game with which I am but slightly acquainted. I find, however, that the time begins to hang heavy on my hands, for I have come all the way from St. Paul, and if I cannot find something to be at I generally get a fit of the blues."

"Oh, if that is the case I have no objection to take a hand. I suppose you'll take a drink before we begin?"

"Certainly."

Retiring to a quiet corner, the two sat down, and soon were deeply absorbed in a game of single handed euchre. King Dick had remarked to Mart Springer that he was able to take a hand; and he was. More than that—he knew how to play it. Some men can play all their lives, and yet they won't know any more about euchre than a clothes horse does about pacing, and then they'll curse their luck if they lose. Luck! Bah! who ever heard of luck in checquers? and yet there is no more in that than there is in euchre. Set it down, gentlemen, as an established maxim, that "the best man wins"—always excepting in a Farnborough prize fight, or a "hippodrome" horse trot.

These little games, "for amusement and to pass away the time," don't pay, though; and fail to meet their aim unless there's something at stake; and it was not so very long before the two were playing for a dollar a game. With his eyes wide open, Dick watched his *vis a vis*, for he had no notion of being swindled unless he couldn't help it. But though he fingered the cards with the grace of an adept, King couldn't detect anything that looked like cheating. Luck, too, seemed to be about evenly balanced, and neither appeared to be in danger of losing a fortune, and at the expiration of half or three quarters of an hour, our hero was the winner of a couple of dollars.

"Do you play any other game?" inquired the stranger, who had introduced himself by the name of Crawford.

"I don't know whether I can play them, but I have a general idea of what most games are like. I have taken a hand at poker, now and then, but I would not care about risking any great sum at it."

"What say you, then, to a deck of new cards, and a little trial at it?"

"Don't care if we do."

Fresh cards were ordered, and Crawford leaned back in his chair awaiting their arrival. Drawing out his delicate cambric handkerchief, he passed it lightly over his forehead; King, accustomed as he was to note everything observed that when he drew forth the handkerchief, he drew with it a letter. Something in the characters written upon the envelope seemed familiar, and with a flash it struck him that the writing was that of "Mark C." Then came a mental inquiry as to what it might mean. Was this man one of Mark C.'s agents, sent to entrap him into deep play? Did Crawford wish to swindle him for his own benefit, or for that of him who wrote the letter? The envelope was the sign. Well enough he knew that if this was being done at the instance of his mysterious foe, Crawford was no third rate player; for Mark was one who used none but the best of tools. "Caution, caution," thought he to himself. "Be careful how you play your cards now, for the stake must be a heavy one. Now, muscle and mind, do your duty, or King Dick is checkmated. Don't despair, and don't be frightened, but come up to the rack, provender or no provender."

"Cut for deal!" tersely exclaimed Crawford as, tearing off the wrapper, he threw the new deck upon the table.

King Dick won.

Running the cards in, he gave them a thorough shuffle, and the game commenced. Dick had near a thousand dollars about him; the stranger had a wallet well filled, and in spite of assurances given at the commencement of the game, the play soon became high. Our hero imagined that he was acquainted with all sorts of cards—marked and unmarked, cut and uncut—and whilst he could detect nothing in these with which he was playing, nevertheless he was satisfied that some advantage was being played on him. Whenever he had a good hand, he would be called down; whenever he had a poor hand, he would be bluffed off. At first he imagined that Crawford was a "bottom dealer," and half stocked the cards; but he soon found he was mistaken. Slowly but surely he was losing, and when he called for fresh cards he was minus some fifteen or twenty dollars. Crawford passed himself out; Dick took the deal.

"What's the use of knowing a thing if you don't use it?" thought he, and he dealt out the cards. Crawford commenced betting. Dick following suit until there was a hundred up, when he called.

"A full—three kings and a pair of queens," said Crawford.

"Not good," responded Dick, "four trays."

Presently Crawford took a pot, and Dick again lost. He appeared cautious about betting now; let himself be bluffed off when he held good hands, and laid back for the time to strike. He was bound to send it in to the raw when it did come. Again Crawford won. He dealt again, and after a few small bets had been made, was called. He held a winning hand. Once more he shuffled the cards, and as he laid them down to be cut, King, apparently reckless, went a blind of two hundred dollars. Crawford straddled the blind, throwing down four hundred dollars upon the table—then the dealing was completed.

With his eyes firmly fixed upon the dealer, King watched the hands as card after card fell upon the table. As the last one touched it, he threw down a roll of notes which he had been holding in his hand, saying: "I make good my blind, and go a hundred better."

"I see you, and two hundred better!" shouted Crawford, without looking at his hand.

King Dick rejoined: "Three hundred better," and each deposited his money.

"There is the money," said the stranger, "and I go fifty dollars better."

All this time our hero had not touched his cards; but left them laying in front of him on the table where they fell from the dealer's hand. Crawford, apparently excited, and determined, like his opponent, to trust everything to fate, had followed suit. The two hands remained on the table, and Dick, for a moment, eyeing them hesitatingly, continued with the song of "Fifty dollars better."

There were a few spectators gathered round the table, and this novel way of playing poker seemed to them to be rather a new invention.

"There is the fifty—I call you!" said Crawford.

Leisurely turning over his cards, Dick glanced at them, and called: "Four aces!"

With a horrible curse, Crawford glanced at his hand—it was three queens, a deuce and a tray. He turned over four or five cards on the top of the deck—the first was a king, the next a queen, the third a queen, the fourth a nine, and the fifth a king. These observations were taken almost instantaneously, but ere they were finished, King Dick had transferred, with one sweep, the money on the table into his pocket.

Like a flash Crawford sprang from his seat, throwing back his hand to the nape of his neck; but as he did so a pair of strong arms from behind wound themselves around him, tightly pinioning his arms, and at the same time some one remarked, "Don't be riled, stranger, for it's the longest pole that knocks the persimmons."

Meanwhile, how was our friend Frightened Bob progressing?

Notwithstanding his "peculiarity," he was always at home in a crowd; and though this journey of his was rather suddenly undertaken, yet, with that reckless, go-ahead spirit which characterizes some men, he was totally destitute of all anxiety. Florence Mayfield and her protector, however, had disappeared; and whereabouts they were located, where they were going to, and for what, were mysteries which required elucidation.

By patient investigation, he possessed himself of the number of their staterooms, and that, as he had already supposed, they were booked for New Orleans. This being the case, he determined to take matters easy until they should arrive at the Crescent City. In pursuance of this determination, he sauntered leisurely along the deck, viewing the low, level coast which bordered the stream, and when tired of that occupation, casting steady stares at whichever of the passengers might chance to attract his attention. Thrusting his hands in the pockets of his coat, he stood leaning against the guards, rather undecided as to how the next half a week should be spent. Whether he should pick up a greenhorn or get picked up himself; whether this would prove a paying trip; whether it would not be better to make an immediate demand for Florence Mayfield?—all this, and a score of other ideas, went flitting through his brain in rapid succession, until he could hardly tell what he was thinking of, and an hour's time found him decidedly blue. Being of rather a literary turn of mind, he purchased of a youngster, who was busily engaged in vending yellow covered literature, a work, entitled "Dare Devil Dick." The title was rather taking, and the story proved more so; but cursing rather predominated when, after a half dozen hours work, he came to the end, and found it on the to-be-continued style, and that the energetic youngster "hadn't nary a copy of 'Grace Manning.'" But the time slid on, and supper hour came at last. Immediately on his right sat the fat old gentleman, who had been so indignant at the hurried manner in which he had come on board; and he observed that the man had not forgotten the circumstance, as from time to time he cast side glances towards Bob. Supper finished, Sterner struck for the bar room of the steamer.

As usual, whilst he walked, his hands were exploring the recesses of his pockets, and this evening he found something more there than he could reasonably expect—nothing more nor less than a watch. None of your pinch-back, German-silver affairs, either; but a regular built, hundred and fifty dollar concern, with gold hunting case, &c., &c. "How did it get there?" was Bob's first thought, and, "It's a plant," was his second. He looked around. He was in a narrow passage, no one in sight, a feeble glim but half illuminating the place, and showing but dimly, a sort of shelf overhead. Without hesitating a second, he threw the watch up on to the shelf, and then struck for his original destination, the bar. It was with a tumbler cocked up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and a juicy gin cocktail trickling down his throat, that Sterner was found by a body of anxious mourners, headed by the captain of the boat and the fat man who had sat next to him at the table.

"Young man, we've been looking for you," remarked the captain, rather sternly.

"Precisely. You ain't the first that told me, as the old bell said to the new sexton."

"I am sorry to remark that a very serious act has been perpetrated on board of this boat, and that circumstances strongly go to indicate that you was the perpetrator."

"If there's anything the matter with the boat, don't be afraid to speak it out—I'm insured. From yer talk, I suppose we're out of coal, on a sand bar, or about to bust a biler, and if such be the case, we'll take another drink."

"There's no use of you're talking in that sort of style, my friend. Circumstances look pretty strong against you. This gentleman had his watch immediately before he took his seat at the supper table; his friend, here, who saw him wind the watch before supper, was on one side and you on the other; the watch is missing, and so we'll have to search you."

"You will!" Bob was getting mad, for the nature of the plant was beginning to come out. Of course the madder he got, the stranger grew his face.

"There's not much doubt but what you've got it, if there's anything to be seen in a man's face. You have the guilty look, so please shell out.

"This is a little too much of the good thing, this is. I don't know what you mean by blowing about a watch, but if I thought you were any ways anxious to mix up a row I'd sail in."

"Come, come, that sort of talk wont answer. You came aboard rather suspiciously, and there's pretty strong evidence; so just stand still while we turn your pockets for that watch."

"You're Captain of this wash-tub, I believe; and you're general boss of the whole concern, so if you say so, I'll knock under; but I can tell you you don't get any recommendation for character from me after this."

A crowd had of course been collected, and one or two offered their services to assist in searching Frightened Bob's carcass.

"He does look sort of guilty like," remarked several of the bystanders, as they watched the movements of the supposed offender. Pocket after pocket was turned out; but no watch appeared, and the countenance of the fat gentleman fell about a foot when, after a systematic search, the watch was nowhere to be found. Edging up to Bob he remarked: "Isn't this carrying the thing a little too far? If you'll give up the watch I'm willing to let the thing pass without saying anything more about it."

"Now look here, old fat and forty, you're a running the thing into the ground slightually, and I'd advise you pretty strongly to dry up. There wasn't any watch stole, and you know it;" was the indignant reply of Frightened Bob. "Blow my eyes, if you say another word you'll catch it right along."

The majority of the people around seemed disposed to side with Bob, but nothing daunted, the fat man returned to the charge with: "Come now, don't make a disturbance. You may be glad, and thankful, that I'm no worse on you. The watch was in your possession, I know, and I shall see that it turns up if you persist in this course."

Bob thought for a moment. Somehow or other it struck him that certain parties must have known him, must have found out his errand to New Orleans, and were determined to stop him at all hazards. The complicity of this man with the abduction of Florence Mayfield appeared most evident. Thinking this over in his mind, once more he requested the man to dry up, and was answered with some pretty strong hints about arrest and imprisonment. "So you must have it, and you wont hold on, and you're bound to blaze! Curse you, *drop!*"

And "fat and forty" dropped—right onto a spittoon, doubling all up, with a plentiful supply of claret issuing from a wounded, contused, and pretty badly damaged nasal protuberance. The rest of the crowd had not heard the conversation, for it was carried on in an under tone; but they saw what it resulted in, and taking the broadcloth coat, handsome vest, costly trowsers, and patent leather boots as evidence of his respectability, were disposed to have a hand in. Bob, seeing which way the wind was commencing to blow, buttoned his coat tightly, and coolly began to turn up his wristbands; but nothing could have convinced the bystanders that he was not almost frightened out of his wits. There was some difference of opinion as to what should be done, but all began edging up toward the object of their solicitude.

"Gentlemen," said Bob, getting back against the bar; "Gentlemen, you ain't doing the square thing just now, curse me if you are. I'm a stranger, and I'm away from home, but the further I travel the worse things get. Now don't crowd the mourners, and don't let your angry passions rise, because they'll only have to be let down agin. That thing there that's just getting up from the floor did it, and you see what the consequences was. Always recollect that 'the man that makes a cigar don't know who's going to smoke it,' and the fellow that starts a muss don't know who's going to get hit."

Alone, or with his travelling companion, King Dick, Bob was always ready for a row; only when he was alone he generally got a chance to do more fighting, as Dick claimed it as his prerogative to strike the first blow. Not wishing to bore the reader, we will not detail all the chaos that followed; but the consequence was, that in less than fifteen minutes Bob was throwing out his shoulders in a style which is, or was, rarely equalled, and that the captain ordered the boat to be stopped just as they came up alongside of the flourishing town of Cairo. Sterner being afforded a breathing spell whilst being informed that it was imperatively necessary that he should quit the boat.

"Perhaps it would be advisable," was his answer, "but having paid my passage to New Orleans, you're bound to refund the pewter, or I'm bound to stay on board."

Considerable talk resulted, but the upshot of the matter was, that the captain refunded the passage money, and Bob, casting a comical look, indicative of intense disdain, at every one in sight, walked off the steamer, and patiently awaited the next boat which might come along. Thus it happened that Bob Sterner became a passenger with

King Dick; and thus it happened that, just in the nick of time, he threw his arms around the gambler, exclaiming: "Don't be riled, stranger, for it's the longest pole that knocks the persimmons."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. D. I. X, Baltimore, Md.—You should not have allowed the injured finger to have remained so long without attention, as it is hardly possible that the weakness and mal-formation can now be entirely remedied. Plenty of friction on the contused part, holding it under running water frequently as long as you can bear it, and keeping it firmly bound up when in use, would be found of great benefit. A liniment, composed as follows, will, on application, be found efficacious:—One raw egg well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one oz of spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an oz of spirits of wine, and a quarter of an oz of camphor. Put in a bottle, after beating well together, and cork down tightly for half an hour, shak ng it well occasionally, when it will be fit for use. Rub well on the injured parts three or four times a day.

A SPORT, Reading, Pa.—Bob Travers is a negro. The battles won and lost by him are as follows:—Fought George Baker, £25 a side, 10 rounds, 23 minutes, Tilbury (police interfered), Oct. 29, 1855. Beat Baker, £25 a side, 10 rounds, 20 minutes, Long Reach, Nov. 3, 1855. Beat Jesse Hatton, £25 a side, 39 rounds, 76 minutes, Combe Bottom, Feb. 5, 1856. Beat George Crockett, £50 a side, 37 rounds, 114 minutes, near Egham, May 13, 1856. Beaten by Job Cobley. Beat Cleghorn, £100 a side, 36 rounds, 87 minutes, Banks of the Medway, Jan. 29, 1857. Beat Bill Hayes, £100 a side, 78 rounds, 3 hours 45 minutes, Medway, May 13, 1857. Beaten by Brettle. Received forfeit £90 from Johnny Walker, who did not show, May 25, 1858. Beat Mike Madden, £100 a side, 45 rounds, 1 hour 37 min., April 5th, 1859.

A. I. J., Jersey City.—1. When a gentleman displays a ring on the fore finger of the left hand, it indicates bachelorhood, with a desire to remain in that state; if worn on the second finger, it denotes that he desires a wife; on the third, that he is engaged; on the fourth, he is married. 2. A lady under an engagement wears the ring on the third finger—at least, so say the ladies, and they ought to know. We appealed to them, because the subject is not exactly in our line; in fact, we are veritable "know nothings" in that sort of "ring talk."

J. M. S., Little Falls, N. Y.—For worms in dogs, procure cowage, half a drachm; tin filings, very fine, four drachms. Make into four or six balls, according to size of dog. Give one daily, and a few hours afterwards a purge of salts or aloes. Powdered glass, as much as will lie on a quarter dollar, in lard. Repeat once or twice on alternate days. Finish off with one to two drachms of Socotrine aloes, rolled up in tissue paper. Mind, the glass must be ground into the finest kind of powder, else it will injure the coats of the stomach.

ROBT CALVIN, New York.—As it is possible that there may be something in the agreement, involving a nice point of law, we must decline giving a positive answer, fearing that we might cause you to err in a way that might prove disastrous to you. We would advise you, therefore, to seek the advice of a good lawyer. It is our opinion, however, that the individual referred to cannot expel you

J. J. H., New York.—We have heard of such cases, but none having ever come under our observation, we are unable to speak by the card. A first class physician would be more competent to decide the point.

H. E. A, New York.—1. The Old Bowery is now in the hands of Mr. Samuel Stickney. 2. You can learn to dance at any of our dancing academies. Try Brooke's, in Broome street.

J. H. B., Deposit, N. Y.—YES, Trustee trotted twenty miles, in harness, in 59 minutes 35½ seconds; and Lady Fulton, in harness, in 59 minutes 55 seconds.

MORTIMER, Toronto, C. W.—Sir J. Hawley won the Derby two years in succession—with Beadsman, ridden by Wells, in 1858, and with Musjid, ridden by Wells, in 1859.

ZOO ZOO, Titusville, Pa.—1. The lady was born in New York. 2. Heenan presented Sayers with twenty knock-down arguments at Farnborough.

ROMEO AND JULIET, Oswego.—1. The "yarn" was good, but not adapted to our theatrical columns. 2. We have not heard of his death.

T. D., New Haven, Conn.—A plentiful distribution of chloride of lime will quell the stench of the "pesky varmints."

E. E. M., St. Louis, Mo.—We have not published the lady's biography yet. We shall probably do so, however, in due time.

TRAGEDY, N. Y.—We know of no one in that particular line just now. Perhaps the lady you name could post you.

M. L., St. John, N. B.—1. See remarks elsewhere. 2. All right, send it along.

C. M. C., Baltimore.—We know of no teacher that would be able to put you through in such a short time.

SETH T, Buffalo.—The Indian went to England to make money, and he is doing it

MUNN.—The odds are said to be about 10½ or 11 per cent against the player.

J. B. S., London, C. W.—One hundred yards, by George Seward, in nine seconds.

GRASBY.—Freeman only fought the Tipton Slasher in England.

O. H., Newark.—He was the nominee of the Democratic party.

W. TURNER, Chicago.—Four of a kind make the highest hand.

J. M., New York.—See answer to "Tragedy."

J. B., Philadelphia.—The elder Booth is dead.

THE COMING CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT.

TOM KING, AND HIS CHANCES OF SUCCESS.

Our anticipations concerning the fight between Tom King and Young Broome were fully borne out by the result of the contest, published in our last. King is said to be "deficient" about the loins, which is taken as a sign that he will not be able to hold out very long. The same thing was said of Heenan, when he was matched against Sayers; but the Boy not only held out in his upper works, but actually run the champion to earth, his running gear giving no evidence whatever of a break down. We perceive that King, in his recent battle, several times picked up his antagonist bodily, and dashed him to the ground by sheer strength. Heenan did the same with Sayers; and, in several other matters, King showed points similar to those practised by the Boy at Farnborough. He possesses immense strength, hits hard, is quick in his movements, and does not appear to lack courage. He is, as yet, rather deficient in the science of manual defence, and from this fact, it is argued that his chances with such a finished boxer as Mace are slim. We do not look upon it in the same light. He possesses the advantages of height, reach and strength, and such advantages are not to be slighted, no matter how scientific his opponent may be. In a knowledge of the art of boxing he is daily improving, and will continue to improve under the careful tutorage of Nat Langham and other experienced generals. When Jem Mace defeated the Staleybridge Infant, he had in the latter an opponent whose unwieldiness made him an easy prey. Hurst was a giant, but did not know how to make use of himself. He was clumsy, possessed no scientific abilities, and hit at random. King is a horse of another color; he is active, understands how and when to hit, and "throws hard." Mace's superiority in boxing will make it troublesome for King to get in, but when he does get in, it will tell. Mace does not like to be hit hard, and if the new aspirant for championship honors makes the fighting at the start, he may break his opponent's heart, and cause him to cut it. We do not think lightly of the young giant. For a fresh hand, he has done well; and, if properly cared for, trained, and generalled, it is our opinion that he will one day wear the champion belt of England.

THE LATE TRIAL FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—As usual, we were the first in the field last week with the much-looked-for report of the fight between Tom King and Young Broome. We can very well understand why some of our neighbors were behind their usual time of publication; and we have no objection whatever, to their getting news from the CLIPPER, providing they get our sheet in a legitimate manner, and not through unfair influences. Once upon a time, we took measures to have an early and exclusive report of an important championship fight; we received it in the nick of time; a contemporary, who is rather slow, and rather unreliable when he isn't slow, surreptitiously managed to get a copy of our paper before it was issued to the public, and from that copy he succeeded in giving his readers a report of the battle, which, otherwise, he could not have given them before the succeeding week. This time, we "pulled the strings" so that our slow friend could not steal our thunder in the aforesaid surreptitious manner, and the result was, he didn't get to press until the CLIPPER was being sent all over the country. Now, much as we commiserate the unhappy condition of our unreliable and hoaxy neighbor, we cannot but condemn him for his unhealthy and questionable mode of doing business. Honesty is the best policy; sensation hoaxes may do for a day, but they have a very depressing effect when the hoax is discovered, as our neighbor well knows by this time.

THE LATE FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

THE recent contest between Tom King and Young Broome seems to have created an unusual degree of excitement in sporting circles of the old country, to judge by the comments of the various papers. The authorities in pugilistic classes all unite in declaring it a well contested battle, and award both men a fair share of praise. We append the remarks of *Bell's Life*, and the *Sporting Life*, on the mill, that our readers may learn what the organs of the pugs have to say upon the subject. First, we give *Bell's Life's* comments:

"It will, we think, be conceded that Broome, in being opposed to such an opponent as King, was greatly overmatched, so that from the commencement to the finish he had to fight an up hill battle. There had been grave doubts entertained of his pluck, but now it must be acknowledged that an unjust conclusion had been formed of his merits; in fact, we are bound to do him the credit of saying, and we do it with unfeigned satisfaction, that he fought the battle with the greatest pluck and determination. Like his opponent, he has not the slightest pretension to scientific acquirement, but still he proved a dangerous and heavy hitter with the right. The battle did not turn out such a gift for King as was anticipated, and had Broome been opposed to a man more equal to himself in build, and of the same calibre in point of science, he would, at such a slogging game, we confidently predict, have been found a tartar. His friends, although he has had the ill luck to be defeated, are perfectly satisfied with his conduct; and it has been suggested, as a reward for his game and meritorious conduct, that he should be paid for his colors the same as if he had been the winner, independent of which it is intended that the game fellow shall take a benefit at no distant date, when, there can be no doubt, he will be well supported by those who can appreciate a game, though unfortunate loser. Broome was much punished about the head, and was taken to the house of Mr. Tapper, some two miles from the ground, where he was kindly attended, his opponent also being accomodated at the same hostelry by the sporting host. This contest having terminated in favor of King, the thoughts of men naturally turn to his forthcoming mill for the Championship, with that consummate master of the art, Jem Mace, and in summing up his merits, try to arrive at some opinion as regards his chance in that exciting event. Those who look at the matter superficially (and we heard many who in most cases we have found good judges) assert that Tom would not have the remotest chance with the Champion. Those who decide thus hastily on the moment, do so, we imagine, upon the hypothesis that Jem having defeated, with such masterly skill, a man like Hurst, must, when it comes to the test, be able to dispose of an opponent like the present candidate for the belt in the same scientific and consummate manner. To these gentry we grant that between Mace and King there is an immeasurable distance as regards ability; one being perhaps the finest fighter of the day, the other, in point of scientific knowledge, in comparison a mere novice; and yet if we reverse the picture, we shall, on a critical examination find equally as striking a difference between the gigantic Infant of Staleybridge and King. Hurst, in his battle with Mace, proved to be not only totally deficient of almost the first principles of the art—hitting—but when opposed to the tactics of his skillful opponent, he proved but a huge giant who was totally defenceless, and appeared to have no power of shifting position, but on the contrary seemed rooted to the ground, so that Jem had only, in his well known style, to advance, deliver, and retreat as he liked. King, in height, is nearly on a par with Hurst; while at 13st, if so much, there is not much room for anything like a tubby appearance; indeed, the fault in this case is considered to preponderate the other way, King not being considered to have make enough about the loins for a man of his inches. Tom does not come up to the "massive," like the gallant Hurst, and there must be, therefore, greater freedom (and he has given us proof already that it is so) in his action, and this we take to be one of those points which, in considering the merits and chances he possess s for champion's honors, must not be lost sight of. At out fighting he will undergo, we imagine, the same slaughtering process as did poor Sammy, and therefore, will have to depend in a great measure on making onslaughts of an irresistible character, of dispelling the force of Jem's hitting, and forcing the fighting throughout. To do this, the quickness of movement he has displayed will, we think, be admitted to be in his favor, although even then he will find in Mace an opponent who, like the porcupine, is armed at all points. As the question of "Can he do it?" since the battle, has assumed such importance, we have thus briefly sketched the various points of the men, and have only to add that Odd Nat himself is highly pleased with the performance of Tom, and thinks that, if only a game one, there is nothing to prevent him from attaining the highest pugilistic honors. Tom, it must be admitted, won this battle in a creditable manner, and Langham assures us that for the great go he will be a much better man, and will, even in point of science, show in a much superior form. There is one thing certain, Tom could not be in better hands, and we hope that he will be "a good boy," and pay strict attention to his lessons, for he will need all the knowledge he can acquire to make a successful *debut* with Jem. Like Broome, strong doubts have been entertained about his pluck, but in the present contest he stood his "gruel" so well, that his friends admit they aspersed his character in an unworthy manner.

The *Sporting Life*, in its editorial department, refers to the fight as follows:

A match between Young King, the candidate for the Champion's Belt, and any antagonist, could not fail to create great interest in pugilistic circles. Indeed, the fight was generally regarded as a trial for the future opponent of Mace. King's merits had been considered as only inadequately tested in his first contest, in which he met and vanquished Truckle, of Portsmouth. Notwithstanding his very clever victory on his first appearance, many people were disinclined to believe him equal to an encounter with such a man as Mace, the present Champion of England, until his endurance, gameness, and faculty for receiving punishment, had passed a higher ordeal. King possesses physically nearly all the requirements of a first rate pugilist—youth, height, weight, and commanding reach. Perhaps a better developed young fellow never stripped for a struggle in the P.R, and that he is as good as he looks, his prowess has already almost proved. Critics in such matters find but one fault in his bodily formation, and the narrowness of his loins induces not a few to question his "staying" abilities. He has shown himself, but more particularly in his fight with Evans, alias Young Broome, endowed with quickness and gameness in the highest degree. That he is a scientific fighter, it would be impossible to assert; but that he hits with tremendous power was at once apparent, from the terrific punishment he inflicted on his man. Thus the contest between him and Young Broome has imparted fresh elements of interest to the fight for the championship in January next, inasmuch as King, about whom doubts were entertained, has dispelled the fears of his friends, and, at least, shown himself a worthy and dangerous antagonist for Mace, or any other Champion of England. "Young Broome," as he is termed, is in reality, one William Evans, who has earned the name by which he is known in the pugilistic world from his great resemblance in the face, or rather, in the nose, to Johnny and Harry Broome, a rare fighting family, whose exploits need no fresh reference in this place. His achievements in the P.R. had not been remarkable, as the only men he had defeated were of very ordinary calibre, while his gameness and pluck were openly questioned. Young Broome has entirely eradicated from his escutcheon the semblance of anything like a "white feather." Throughout the encounter, he fought with an iron will and a manly determination to do the best for his own credit, and the security of his backers' money. Personal courage and valor can only be satisfactorily demonstrated in severe and punishing combats; and, with the odds manifestly against him from an early period of the fight, Young Broome came up game as a pebble, and resolute as a lion. Many may imagine that King's defeat of this man is no criterion of his ability or pretensions to cope with Mace. King, by his victory over so determined and unflinching an antagonist, has shown that his aspirations for the Championship were based on stronger grounds than was popularly supposed. It was more than hinted that King was "soft," a though no one had any right to doubt his courage, when it was considered that he had challenged so terrific a boxer as Mace, and had thrown down the gauntlet after he had himself seen Jem make such a fearful example of the Herculean Hurst. Depend upon it, Young King's heart is in the right place—he is a courageous, manly pugilist, and stout and good enough in our opinion to try the mettle of any competitor for the Championship. Our readers will at once perceive that it would not be fair to either King or Mace to express our opinions as to the result of the coming conflict between them. The fight between King and Broome has been correctly designated a trial fight for the Championship of England. And such it was in reality. Had King 'cut up' badly, his friends would have been justified in forfeiting, as he could under such circumstances have possessed no kind of chance with the conqueror of Brettle, Travers, and "the Staleybridge Infant." As it was, he completely vindicated his claims and pretensions to the proudest distinction which pugilism can bestow—the Champion's Belt, the blue riband of the ring. Mace was in Broome's corner as his partisan, and did not conceal his surprise at the skill which enabled King to snatch the laurels of victory. Such a lesson will not be lost upon Jem, who, doubtless, studied the tactics of his future opponent carefully, and stored his mind with facts which will be of value to him when the handsome victor of Young Broome stands before him in 1862.

A LION AMONG THE BRITISHERS.—The American Indian, Deerfoot, who is beating England's best pedestrians, has become a lion in the Great Metropolis; and, whenever and wherever he shows himself, is followed by crowds of people, just as John C. Heenan was when he appeared in the streets of London. In fact, he is creating such a sensation as to partially rob Jem Mace of the honors generally accorded to the pugilistic champion, the peds praises being sung instead of the pug's. Jem is somewhat jealous of the laurels bestowed upon the son of the prairie, and it is said he has offered to run the Indian a foot race of ten miles, providing Deerfoot will allow him one mile start. Have a care, Jemmy; stick to the ring, and leave foot racing alone, or perhaps Jack MacDonald may bring out the Indian in such style as to give you a little of Heenan's sauce. Deerfoot's business has been well managed, so far, and the Indian is soaking away many a solid likeness of Her Majesty, coined through his success in England.

FISHING AND BOATING.—The annual value of the fish trade to Newport is variously estimated at from $20,000 to $30,000. The annual income from boat-building has been about $30,000. This year it will not exceed $15,000.

MACE AND HIS PROJECTED VISIT.—The announcement in our last—founded upon a statement that appeared in a London Sporting paper—that Jem Mace, the present champion of England, contemplates a visit to this country for the purpose of fighting John C. Heenan, has awakened fresh interest in the second proposed international contest, and much anxiety is manifested to learn more of Mace's views upon the subject. Some assert that as he fears to meet Heenan in England, he cannot, possibly, mean to come over here to fight him. Others hold that Mace is really anxious to have a shy at Heenan, the former's superior science, it is contended, being fully sufficient to counterbalance Heenan's advantage in height, weight, and reach. There are still others, and they number not a few, who think Mace will come here, even though the chances should be against him in a fight, for he would be well received and treated here, were he to be a winner or loser in a Canadian ring. Even as a loser, he could travel the country through, and be amply compensated for his time and trouble. The American people are ever ready to encourage a game man, and the mere fact of an Englishman coming here to fight an American, would enlist a powerful class in his support all over the States. As a winner in a fight with Heenan, he could amass a fortune with but very little effort; as a loser, money would flow in upon him almost as fast. The mere mention that he has it in contemplation to visit the States to meet our champion, created a deal of interest last week, notwithstanding everybody was on the *qui vive* for news from the great naval expedition. His merits and chances were freely discussed in sporting circles, and some few bets made whether or not he would come here; and money sported, also, whether, in the event of his coming, he would face Heenan in the Prize Ring. In a few weeks we may learn more of Mace's intentions. It is said that Heenan is greatly pleased at the possibility of Mace coming to America, and will throw not the slightest obstacle in the way of a fair and square match should he really desire a meeting on his arrival here.

FOOT BALL.—The game of foot ball, so seldom engaged in, in and around our large cities, is one of the many life prolonging out-door exercises that claim no meagre share of our attention. Therefore, at the present season, before the advent of Jack Frost, its merits, as a game, contributing alike to health, physical development and amusement, should not be overlooked, as they are of vital importance to those who seek enjoyment and invigoration in open air exercise. The rapid and constant locomotion undergone in playing a spirited contest brings the respiratory organs into full play, producing the most salutary effects, especially to those people who suffer more or less in the lungs from sedentary habits. The digestive organs, when impaired by an excess of high living, dissipation or any other cause that militates against health, are restored to their natural functions, when assisted by the exercise of foot ball. With a perfect knowledge of the physical and health preserving attributes of the game, some one high in authority with the United States Government ordered an abundant supply of foot balls for the soldiers that accompanied the Nation's great Armada, that recently set out from Fortress Monroe, in order to give them exercise under the guise of amusement. The rebel prisoners, at Governor's Island, were also provided with foot balls. Being unemployed and "laying around loose," filthy habits were generated among them, begetting disease, and to avoid an extension of the evil, foot balls were sent them as an incentive to exercise and healthful action, producing much good, restoring the sick and easing the surgeons of arduous tasks entailed upon them, in addition to their regular duties. Invigorating to the mind as well as the body, the game of foot ball should be more encouraged and made popular among the American people. A manly pastime, that engenders amusement and physical benefits simultaneously, should be fostered and recognised among our field sports, in its season, and not allowed to die out—forgotten, to become, as an exercise for health seekers, obsolete. Let us resuscitate the game of FOOT BALL, and let us have a club or clubs instituted this winter, so that the game may be systematized among us, and a wholesome rivalry produced, that will lead to its permanent establishment. Our Base Ball and Cricket players, and those who practice other athletic games during the summer months, will find it an excellent change, and its practice during the winter will aid much in preparing them for their own games, when the season for them returns.

TOM SAYERS AS A CIRCUS MANAGER.—As we have remarked in previous issues of the CLIPPER, Tom Sayers gave up the Prize Ring, and took to sawdust, having become proprietor of one of the finest circuses at present in England. He gave his opening performance at Chalk Farm, on the 12th of October, the house being crammed, day and night. Sayers appeared in the capacity of ring master; although somewhat new to him in the circus arena, he has frequently proved himself to be a master of the ring in the pugilistic square Tom seems to be at home in his new business, and will probably do well if he exercises a little judgement and forbearance, for circus managers have a good deal to put up with that out-siders know but little about. Tom is somewhat touchy, and sometimes goes off "half-cocked." He will have to cure himself of this failing, if he hopes to succeed as a showman.

BULLS AND BEARS.—During the past season, "trials of speed" between fast horses were the attractions at Agricultural Fairs, etc., but now that the bubble has burst, and the frauds practiced by horse jockeys and others have been exposed, something new must be initiated to draw the "peoples" and their money; so bulls and bears now do a little fighting for the amusement of the Fair people, in place of races between fast trotting stock. At the Sussex County, N. J., Agricultural Fair, which came off recently, a fight between a bear and a bull took place, in which the bear couldn't get his favorite hold, because he was tossed several times before he could get to close quarters. The bear was so disgusted at being so repeatedly lifted, that he finally backed out, and the bull was declared the winner of the fight and the prize.

"B. B."—We felt a little alarmed a few days since on learning that the destination of our great Naval Expedition was Bull's Bay. With Big Bethel's defeat still rings in our ears; the pedestrian exercises at Bull Run fresh in our recollection; and the slaughter of our brave soldiers at Ball's Bluff vividly impressed on our memory; is it strange that we should have had some slight misgivings at the mention of Bull's Bay in connection with our fleet. We trust, however, that the letters are not ominous of disaster, and that our gallant squadron may at Bull's Bay, make up for the reverses we have met with at the other B B's.

"AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE."—The news we have received concerning the naval expedition, leaves little doubt that the Union forces have effected a landing on the shores of South Carolina, and are now perfecting their places for an "onward movement" to Savannah or Charleston. That the latter city may be reduced to ashes is the wish of every true Union man, for in that accursed place was this rebellion hatched, and there treason must meet its reward.

SWORD PRESENTATION.—A numerous party of the friends of Lieut. P. Conlin, Co. E, 69th Regiment, N. Y. V., met at the house of J. W. Tooker, Esq., No. 24 Norfolk street, N. Y., on the evening of the 9th inst., to take part in the ceremony of a sword presentation to the first named gentleman. The proceedings were of an interesting nature, and considerable conviviality ensued. It is to be hoped that the sword in the hands of Mr. Conlin, will prove a serviceable weapon in teaching the rebels good manners.

THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB will hold its fall meeting at Mr. Jas Howell's, the House of Lords, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, on the evening of Thursday, the 14th inst. The President will take his seat on the "wool sack" at precisely 7½ o'clock. A general and early attendance is requested, as important business is to be transacted, and the annual election of officers will take place.

DANCING CHALLENGE.—The following challenge of a "cull'ud pusson" to dance for the Championship of Ohio, is going the rounds. It remains to be seen whether it will be taken up:—"I challenge any colored man in the State of Ohio to dance with me for the Champion ship—the dance to be a jig—time, one hour and twenty minutes. My address is Cleveland, Ohio. ROBERT GREENLEAF."

TYPE SETTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Samuel Rastall, a compositor on the *Free Democrat*, Milwaukee, Wis., set and distributed ten thousand ems of solid brevier one day recently, in nine hours and twenty-three minutes, on a wager that it could not be done in nine hours. This is considered, by printers, an unusual feat.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS DOWN EAST.—A recent visit of Mr. Phelan to Boston caused some stir in the billiard circles of that classical city. During his sojourn, Mr. Phelan played in the club rooms and leading billiard rooms. He also played at Worcester, Springfield, and Hartford.

BILLIARDS IN THE CITY.—The lovers of billiards in this city were attracted to the establishment of Mr. Dudley Kavanagh, in Fulton street, on Monday evening, by the congregating therein of the principal professors and amateurs of the cue in this city and vicinity. Among the players present were Messrs. Phelan, White, Geary, Cleveland, Benjamin, and Braisted. The amateur element both of New York and Brooklyn was well represented. Several interesting games were played, among them: a game of 250 points between Messrs. White and Benjamin, won by Mr. White; 500 points around the table, between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, won by the latter; 250 points between Messrs. Geary and Stone, won by Mr. Stone; best two out of three at Mexican pool, between Mr. Kavanagh and Mr. Lingard, won by Mr. Kavanagh; a French carom game between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, won by Mr. Phelan, and several interesting games by prominent amateurs.

THE TIEMAN AND DERBY MATCH comes off, according to announcement, on the 21st Nov. in the Queen City of the West. New York has already sent a delegation to be present at the match, among whom we understand are Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, who set out for the scene of the contest in the beginning of the present week.

BIG RUN AT BILLIARDS.—Another of those marvellous feats with the cue, is said to have been executed on Saturday evening last, by Ed. C. Cahill, of Reeves' billiard rooms in Broadway, when he made a run of 1,202 points at the carom game, in one hour and five minutes. Mr. Cahill, judging from the above, should play well in an up hill game.

SPORTS IN CANADA.

FOOT BALL.—The Upper Canada College boys having taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the Model Grammar School of Toronto, C. W., twenty of each school met on the College grounds on Saturday, Oct. 5, to test their strength. Mr. J. R. Robertson, of *Young Canada*, was appointed referee for the Model Grammar School, and Mr. C. M. Masterson for Upper Canada College, with Mr. C. W. Bell as umpire. The ball was dropped at 10:30, and so hotly was the game contested that at 12:30 a draw was agreed upon.

Resolved to settle their differences the College boys met on the M. G. School grounds on Saturday, Oct. 12; with the same referees, and Mr. A. Montgomery Muckle of U. C. College as umpire. The M. G. S. referee won the toss for goals, choosing the west end (Victoria street) as higher and leveller. The ball was put down at 10:15, and at 11:50 Mr. John White of U. C. College having in the excitement picked up the ball and thrown it, the College lost. Score—M. G. School 1; U. C. College 0.

At 12:20 the second game commenced, but the clerk of the weather sent the players and some eighty of their friends into the large hall of the M. G. School, where a luncheon awaited them. The Rev. John Ambery, M.A., Mr. J. G. Hodgins, Deputy Superintendent, and Mr. Sefton, represented the older heads of the community. After an Oxonian grace by Mr. Ambery, friends and foes fell to. On "The Press," being given as a toast, it was responded to by Mr. J. R. Robertson of *Young Canada*. The proceedings passed off with the greatest *eclat*. The music was under the direction of Mr. Sefton. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather some 400 spectators were on the ground.

The last game between the two school's was played on Saturday, Oct. 23, and ended in a tie. It would have resulted in favor of the M. G. School had the umpire not revoked his decision.

GUELPH RACES.—These races took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, 23d and 24th Oct., and were very well attended, although the weather was very unfavorable.

FIRST DAY.—County of Wellington Purse—4 entries; twice round the track, heats. Won by a horse owned by Mr. Cocklin, of Elora.

Farmers' Purse.—3 entries; twice round the track, heats. Won by Mr. Cocklin's mare.

SECOND DAY.—Provincial Purse.—Open to all horses—3 entries; twice round the track, heats. Won by Cocklin's chestnut horse.

Trotting Purse.—4 entries; thrice around the track, heats. This was a very closely contested race, Mr. Anderson's mare running the winning horse very close. The following is the summary:—

R Jones' c h	1 1
H Anderson's Flora Temple	2 2
Ch Romaine's g m	3 3
— Brooks' h	4 dis

A trotting race was afterwards got up between R Jones' c. h. and James Brown's b. h., which was won by the former after a very keen contest.

STEEPLE CHASING.—The Steeple Chase at Ottawa, C. W., came off on Thursday, Oct. 24th, at 3 o'clock P. M., at Messrs. Thompson's and Aylen's farms, on the Richmond Road, four miles from Ottawa. There was a large crowd of people gathered together from all directions, notwithstanding the cold weather. There were two races, the first across the country, three miles, for a purse of $300; the second had a distance of two miles, for a purse of $100. In the first race the well-known racers Brunette, belonging to Mr Elwes, of Montreal, ridden by Mr. Elwes; Fanny Kemble, belonging to Mr. Hogan, of Montreal, ridden by Mr. Denis Reddy; Wild Irishman, belonging to Mr. Henderson, ridden by Mr. Bates; Montcalm, belonging to Mr. Kirwin, of Quebec, and ridden by Mr. Pepper, were engaged. Montcalm came to his knees and gave up the contest. The other three maintained their course well, but with Brunette ahead. Wild Irishman lost his rider at about two miles from the starting point; and Fanny Kemble fell at a short distance from the winning post, so Brunette claimed the victory. She made her three miles in twelve minutes. In the second race three horses were engaged: The Bird, belonging to Mr. Jones, of Ottawa; Centipede, belonging to Mr. Hogan, of Montreal, ridden by Mr. Dennis Reedy; Antelope, belonging to Mr. Kirwin, of Quebec, ridden by Mr. Pepper. Bird stopped soon, and refused to leap; so did Antelope, Centipede gaining the victory without difficulty.

The race for $200 between Mr. Kirwin's Montcalm and Mr. Henderson's Wild Irishman afterwards took place. Wild Irishman not being up to time had to pay a forfeit of $100. The horses started at a quarter past three, Wild Irishman taking the lead, which he kept until within half a mile of the winning post, when Montcalm passed him and kept a few lengths ahead for a few hundred feet; the Wild Irishman afterwards passed Montcalm overtaking him and came in winner by a length.

A BOAT RACE came off at Quebec on Oct. 29, between the Tom Sayers and the Jeff Davis, resulting in favor of the latter—the namesake of the Secesh champion completely distancing her competitor. Generally speaking, the Tom Sayers was the favorite in the match; but many connoisseurs pronounced in favor of Jeff Davis—a very fine boat, and undoubtedly possessed of excellent qualities as a sailing craft. A few minutes before 7 o'clock, A. M., the two boats made a capital start. A slight N. W. wind prevailed during the day. The Jeff Davis passed the buoy off Madame Island about a mile ahead, and on tacking, improved her advantage by doubling the distance. At twenty minutes before 3 o'clock, the winner had reached the starting buoy—the other boat being just off the Point. The Jeff Davis was sailed by Mr. Charles Langlois, pilot.

DUCK SHOOTING.—The shooting at Baptiste Creek, C. W., has been fair during the last month. Mr. Renardson, of Toronto, has sent down some eight hundred ducks since the 1st Oct; Mr. T. Tinning one hundred and fifty; Messrs. Spooner and another gentleman shot one hundred and fifty ducks, eighty-seven snipe, six woodcock, fifty-four quail, and one pigeon. The ducks are as plentiful at Long Point as they were eleven years ago. At Coldwater two gentlemen shot eighty in one day. Dr. Chabot and party of Boston, U. S., had excellent sport, but being too early in the season, they threw overboard three hundred ducks in one day.

FOOT RACE IN MONTREAL, C. E.—On the 8th inst., a mile race between Shearman, of the 47th regiment, and James McCabe, came off on the Mile-end Race Course. The contest proved an exciting one, both men laying down to their work in do or die style. The affair was undecided, however, owing to the winning post being "blocked" by a crowd.

RIFLE SHOOTING MATCH IN CANADA.—A rifle shooting contest, for prizes in money, was recently indulged in, at St. Helen's Island, in the vicinity of Montreal, C. E., by various non-commissioned officers and privates of the Volunteer Brigade, the affair being under the management of Lieut. Colonel Dunkin, who contributed the prizes amounting to $50, for the first trial, divided thus:—

Best shot, $25. Second and third best, $15 and $10 respectively. Five rounds. Distance to be fixed by the Musketry Instructors, and to vary at each shot from 100 to 200 yards.

Before "scoring the points" it may be necessary to describe how they are made. The game is simple, much less so than a billiard match, though both score much in the same way. The target, cast iron, painted white, with a black ring in the centre about 18 inches in diameter, in which again is the "Bull's Eye," may be about 6 feet high. In scoring, a shot on the "Bull's Eye" counts three, in the ring about it, two; outside the ring, one; of course, a miss wide of these three, counts nothing.

The following is a score of all the points made above 6 in the firing for the first prize:—

Matthews	Company	5—2, 2, 3, 1, 1—9	
Wilson	"	2—2, 2, 1, 0, 2—7	
Wiggins	"	6—2, 2, 1, 1, 1—7	
Robertson	"	6—1, 3, 1, 1, 1—7	
Murray	"	6—1, 2, 1, 1, 2—7	
Nicholson	"	2—1, 1, 1, 2, 2—7	
Wynn,	Light Infantry	—2, 1, 2, 1, 1—7	
Green	Company	7—1, 3, 2, 1, 1—8	
McDonald	"	5—2, 1, 1, 3, 1—8	
Ross	"	1—3, 1, 1, 1, 2—8	
Harden	"	1—1, 1, 1, 3, 2—8	
Barry	"	5—2, 1, 1, 2, 1—7	
Kearney	"	4—1, 3, 1, 1, 1—7	

The next trial was for the Brigade Staff Purse, of $50, to which were added, by the officers of the force, two other prizes of $30, and $20 for the second and third best shots following the winner of the Staff Purse. Five rounds, distance 200 yards, was then fired for under the following rule:—"Open to non-commissioned

officers and men of the Montreal Volunteer Brigade only. No one will be allowed to compete for any of the prizes that follow after this who has not made at least seven points out of his ten rounds fired during this and the preceding trial. Officers of the Brigade may fire at both these matches to enable them to score sufficient points (seven) to qualify for the prizes following after."

The $50 were won by Murray of the 6th Company, the $30 by Wilson of the 2d, and the $20 by Harden of the 1st. The following is the score of all points over six:—

Murray	Company	5–2,	2,	2,	2,	1–9
Robertson	"	7–1,	2,	1,	2,	1–7
Wilson	"	2–1,	1,	1,	2,	3–8
Rutlege	"	3–2,	1,	2,	1,	2–8
Philpot	Light Infantry	–1,	1,	1,	2,	2–7
Rowe	Company	1–1,	1,	2,	1,	2–7
Harden	"	1–2,	1,	3,	1,	1–8

SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA.

SAN JOSE FALL RACES.—These races commenced on Oct 14th, but on the first day or two, they were not very well attended. Matters improved, however, towards the close, and altogether proved a success, some excellent sport having transpired. We append a summary of the various events:—

First Day—San Jose Course, Oct 14. Sweepstake race for three-year olds; subscription $150; half forfeit; $150 added by the proprietor; mile and repeat.

R Jourdan's [John Trimble's] b c Jack Trimble, by Belmont, dam by Limber John 3 1 1
Col E S Lathrop's [I Branham's] ch f Lady Belle, by Belmont, dam Puss by Lance 1 2 2
Jerome Fox's [J H Moore's] br c Conflict, by Belmont, dam by Red Bill ..... 2 dist
Williamson & Emerson's br c Gladiator, by Belmont, dam Liz Givens by imp Langford ..... pd ft

Time—1:53½; 1:52½; 1:58¼

The above race is said to have given great satisfaction, *because it was honestly contested throughout.* Will some of the turfites hereaway make a note of this for future reference?

Second Day—Oct 15—Sweepstake for two-year-olds; subscription $100; half forfeit; $100 added by the proprietor; mile and repeat.

Jerome Fox's (John H. Moore's) ch f Victress, by Belmont, dam unk; 83 lbs 1 1
E. H. Louer's (W. Keifer's) ch c Doubloon, by Belmont, dam unk 86 lbs 4 2
John B. James' b g Shepherd Boy, by Jake (a son of Joe Gale's,) out of Troubadour's dam; 86 lbs 2 3
John E. Tyree's ch f Lizzie Dale, by Owen Dale, dam by Tecumseh; 83 lbs 6 4
R. Jourdan's [J. Evans'] b c Venture, by Belmont, dam by Black Sal; 86 lbs 5 5
Lewis & Carlisle's b f Gilroy Belle, by Belmont, dam by Whip; 83 lbs ..... 3 dist
Lewis & Carlisle's br f Arzalia Belle, by Belmont, dam by Eclipse ..... pd. ft.
Jerome Fox's [John H. Moore's] ch c Beauregard, by Belmont, dam by Red Bill ..... pd. ft.
R. Jourdan's [A Hopper's] ch c Bally, by Belmont, dam Julia Mullen by Tom Benton ..... pd. ft.
Williamson & Emerson's gr f Pororeco, by Belmont, dam White Swan by Grey Eagle ..... pd. ft.
Col. E. S. Lathrop's [I Branham's] ch c Ben Lippincott, by Belmont, dam Puss by Lance by Medoc ..... pd. ft.
Col. E. S. Lathrop's [Jas. Moore's] b c Harkaway, by Billy Cheatham, dam Lola Montez by Grey Eagle ..... pd. ft.

Time, 1:53¼; 1:55

Third Day—Oct. 16—Proprietor's purse of $300; free for all; mile heats, best 3 in 5; entrance 10 per cent.

Williamson and Emerson's b f Ida May 97 lbs 3 2 1 1
J. P. Welch's b h Gilpatrick, 124 lbs 2 3 3 2 2
J. B. James' b h Oregon John, 118 lbs 1 1 2 3 3
Col. E. S. Lathrop's b h Bussora, 110 lbs ..... dist.

Time, 1:50, 1:55; 1:54; 2:00; 2:02

Fourth Day—Oct. 17.—Sweepstakes for all ages; mile heats; $500 entrance, $250 forfeit, with $800 added; club weights.

A. F. Grigsby's b c Volscian, by Vandal, dam by Grey Eagle, 4 yrs, 100 lbs up 1 1
J. P. Welsh's b h Rifleman, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Frazier's dam by Rodolph, 6 yrs, 118 lbs ..... 2 dr.
W. M. Williamson's br c Gladiator by Belmont, out of Liz Givens by Imp. Langford, 3 yrs, 86 lbs ..... pd. ft.

Time, 1:54¾

Fifth Day—Oct. 18.—Proprietor's purse of $300; two miles and repeat, free for all.

E. S. Lathrop's (J. Cottle's) b f Musidora 1 1
R. Jourdan's b c Jack Trimble 2 2
J. P. Welsh's b g Gopher ..... dist.

Time, 3:51¾; 3:58.

FIREMEN'S FOOT RACE.—A firemen's foot race came off at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 12, at Agricultural Park, Sacramento. There were but three competitors for the prize, others who it was supposed would run having declined to do so. The trumpet was won by William Parker, of Neptune Hose Company, better known as "Billy the Boatman," who ran the mile in five minutes and forty seconds. Billy appears to be equally at home on either land or water. A short time ago he won a bet of $100 on a five mile boat race. In that case his competitor failed to come to time and lost the wager by default.

GAME IN NEVADA.—Two citizens of Nevada, T. G. Battaile and Thomas J Johnson, went out hunting, Wednesday, Oct. 9th, and returned Thursday afternoon, bringing 115 pounds of game, consisting of quail, hare, squirrel, etc. A game battle, indeed.

THE prospects for the turf are good in California, and some quite important races are on the *tapis*. The fall races on the Centreville Course, Sacramento, were to have commenced on the 29th ult., and continue five days. During this meeting, the great two-mile race, for a stake which will amount to $10 000 to the winner, will be run, and for which the best horses in California are entered.

NAHA RACES are set down to commence on November 12th, and four days of good sport are looked for.

CANINE TALK.—Now canine battles have been nearly "squelched" in New York, we would advise those who take delight in seeing dogs bark and bite to go to Nevada, Cal., where the sport seems to have taken root, as, recently, a set-to came off there between John Hall's dog Tom and P. McCourt's dog Spot. The dogs fought forty-five minutes, when they were separated. Spot being the lightest suffered the most, but both dogs held their own.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE EAGLE.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 223 Centre street, one door from Grand. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

GRAND SPARRING EXHIBITION FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BILL TOVEE.—In view of the valuable services rendered to the boxing fraternity of this city and elsewhere, by the veteran sparrer and master of ceremonies, William Tovee, his numerous friends and admirers of the "noble art" have arranged and completed preliminaries towards giving him a benefit, to take place at Kerrigan's Hall, generously placed at the old man's service gratuitiously by the proprietor, on the 14th inst. Many of the prominent sparrers of this city and Brooklyn will attend to contribute their mite, in rendering the benefit a good one. Mr. Tovee, desires the attendance of George Gardiner, alias the "Terrible," and will set-to with him and if defeated by "Terrible," will present him with $5 The beneficiare and Kit Burns' Liverpool Novice will hold themselves in readiness to set-to with any light weights of their respective ages that may be placed to don the mits with them. Izzy Lazarus has kindly consented to act as M. C on this occasion. Sparring will commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 30-2t

LEAVITT REPLIES TO GIDLOW.—In reply to Andy Gidlow's late challenge, Michael Leavitt, writing from St. John, N. B., under date of November 1st, says, "If Gidlow wishes to fight me in two months after the fight between Garrey and Turner, at 126 lb. weight, for $250 or $1000 even money, or as much more as he can raise, he can have an opportunity by replying through the CLIPPER." [We would remind both of these lads, that it would look much more like business if a forfeit was put up as an earnest of their intentions.—ED CLIP.]

MILWAUKEE FIGHT TALK.—We are in receipt of a letter from an individual, with, to us, an unknown *nom de plume*, discussing the merits of Carroll and Burns of that city, alluding to their late newspaper talk and turn-up in a bar-room. Not knowing the "individ," and as "turn-ups" can hardly be considered ring news, we refrain from giving his remarks publicity Gouging, biting off fingers, etc., do not range under the *code pugilistique*.

JULIETTE.

Ah! Julie, when you trifle so,
You little know,
The weight of woe,
You cast on this poor heart of mine.

But surely you can easy see
What troubles me;
And why I flee,
To give up love, and hope in time.

It is that you are a coquet—
And never yet,
Since first we met,
Have I received a thought of thine;

Save that you'd make of me a slave,
And then you'd leave,
Alone to grieve,
Some other heart, as well as mine. SENECA.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

NOV. 5.—T. Carroll and Ikey Byng—£10 a side, catch weight, Portsmouth.
23.—Dan Lomas and Tom Kelly—£50, at 10st6lb Manchester.
26.—Posh Price and Pemberton's Novice—£20 a side, Birmingham
DEC. 10.—Bos Tyler and Bob Travers—Catch weight, £100 a side, London.
10.—Morris Phelan and Harry Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 3lb, Birmingham.
17.—Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton—£25 a side, open for £50, a side at catch weight, Home Circuit.
31.—Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, London.
31.—G. Harding and L. Dimmock—£20 a side, at 7st 2lb, Birmingham.
JAN. 1862.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
FEB. 1862.—Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C. Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE BELT.—On Thursday, Oct. 24, a deposit of £15 a side was staked at Alec Keene's, making £125 a side now down. There was a very full attendance, in consequence of it being well known that Jem Mace had given his word to be present at the staking of his deposit. King had also given his word, which, coupled with his victory over Bill Broome on the Monday, brought together many of the old school, the meeting being a nearer approach to one of the stakings for matches in the olden times than has been seen for a long period. Pending the ceremony of staking, the merits of the respective combatants for the forthcoming fight for the belt were discussed, when Mace, with his trainer and several friends, arrived. After some little chaff and bandinage, he accepted the offer of a gallant major, who backed King to win for a "poney," and the bet was made immediately, Jem offering to go on at the price. Great anxiety was expressed for the arrival of King, but all were doomed to disappointment in this instance, as he did not show during the evening. Young Broome was present, and looked very well, considering the short time that had elapsed since his encounter. The sympathies of the company were strongly in favor of Broome, which were testified in several instances by substantial proofs. The backers of the men mustered in great force, and were most decidedly delighted with listening to the account of a fight so much resembling one of the old school of pugilists. Jem Mace states that, notwithstanding his decided confidence in his own power and skill to again pull off the championship in his favor, he does not intend to leave a stone unturned in his endeavors to get well and fit to contend against the candidate for his laurels. Young King has been luxuriating at the East-end with his old mates, but will shortly start again for his training quarters. Mace is much concerned by several communications respecting his non-appearance at Birmingham to run his ten mile race, and publishes some letters defending himself. The pugilists were represented at Keene's very strongly, and the conviviality of the evening was kept up to a late hour.

DETERMINED FIGHT BETWEEN NEWTON AND EDWARDS.

On Tuesday, Oct. 22, George Newton and Tom Edwards met, near the metropolis, to fight at catch-weight, for £5 a side. George Newton is twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 4½ inches, and weighed about 9st 6lb. He has fought once or twice previously, once a long battle with Tom Tyler. T. Edwards is thirty years of age, weighing 9st 6lb, and 5 feet 6½ inches in height. This was his first appearance in the ring. Newton was backed from Bos Tyler's, the Duke of York, Turk street, Tyssen street, Bethnal Green; and Edwards, from Sam Millard's the Ship, Glasshouse-yard. Newton, who was first in the ring, was seconded by Bos Tyler and Jemmy Keefe, and Edwards by Sam Millard and Young Bodger Crutchley, and at ten o'clock they commenced the fight.

Round 1. Both men stood in a good attitude, but Newton in the most artistic style. There was no sparring to show who was the cleverest at out-fighting, for Edwards immediately rushed in and got his right on the mark, which nettled Newton, who commenced right and left, and forced Edwards to the ropes, where he threw him.

2. As soon as time was called, both came up quickly, and again they got to work like blacksmiths, Edwards getting his left on Newton's mouth; the latter, by way of "squaring accounts," sent his right on to Edwards' jaw, which knocked him down. The first knock-down for Newton claimed and allowed.

3. Edwards came up very groggy indeed, which was taken advantage of by Newton's second, who gave him orders to make the running, which he did, by delivering both hands at the head without a return, after which he caught hold of him and threw him heavily.

4. Newton had again all the best of it, as, immediately they got together, Newton knocked down his opponent with a right-hander on the jaw.

5. Newton again followed the tactics he put into force in the previous round with the same result, knocking down Edwards without receiving a blow in return.

6 to 8 and last. Newton, who was unscathed in these rounds, went straight to Edwards, and fought him down until the last, when he administered the *coup de grace* by landing his right heavily on the cheek and eye, which knocked Edwards completely out of time, and Newton was hailed the winner after fighting eight minutes. The winner, who is not "Tommy Newton," had the best of the fight from start to finish, and certainly he lost no time in reducing his chance to a certainty. It was some time before the loser came to himself; but, on recovering, he soon shook off all effects of the battle.

BOB TRAVERS' BENEFIT AT THE ROTUNDA.—The benefit of the accomplished Bob Travers, which took place on Monday, Oct. 21, was not a very successful one, no doubt in consequence of the fight between Young King and Young Broome taking place on the Monday, instead of the following day. The arrangements were first-rate, and great order continued throughout the evening, and the sparring was of a first-rate character. W. Duncan was the M. C. The first pair was Billy Shaw and Young Baldock, followed by the brothers Hawkes (who cleuted each other most lovingly), Young Goddard and Tom Morris, Larkins and Dooley, J. Grant and Mickey Gannon, Smith and Benson (who were old opponents, Benson, who was the winner in the battle, showing on this occasion to most advantage) Gollagher and Hawkes (of Birmingham), Lennard and Jem Dillon, Jerry Noon and J. Nolan, Davitt and Baldock, Larkins and Garey, Callaghan and Sullivan, and the wind-up was between the Champion, Jem Mace, and Bob Travers, who had four good and scientific bouts. Bob Travers returned thanks for the support he had received in a neat speech. Travers soon goes into training to fight Tyler.

DAN THOMAS AND JOE NOLAN.—These men have at length staked a deposit to make a match to fight, for £200 a side. This match, should it go on, will prove of more than usual interest amongst the lovers of a good mill, both being perfect masters of their different styles.

JOE GOSS AND BOB BRETTLE'S NOVICE.—These Midland Counties' men are again matched to fight at catch-weight, for £100 a side.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ANOTHER GREAT PEDESTRIAN CONTEST.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AGAIN A VICTOR.

Deerfoot has achieved another victory, and this time he has vanquished a much younger man than Jackson "the American Deer," whose race with the Indian, on Monday, Oct. 14, was described in our columns. The attendance of spectators was not so large as on the occasion of the first race at Brompton, when the place was fairly taken by storm, and rendered all attempts to keep order unavailing, but there could not have been less than 3 000 people present. The Indian came on the ground shortly before four o'clock, his stalwart form being enveloped, as usual, in his wolf-skin. He was attended by C Mower, and walked round the course three or four times. His appearance created great curiosity and at once made him the "cynosure of wondering eyes." Jones made his appearance shortly afterwards, and, although not so extensively "got up" as the redskin, he was carefully scanned. He was attired in the usual pedestrian costume, silk guernsey and drawers, and his well-developed chest, broad, muscular shoulders, and generally vigorous and youthful appearance, presented a very striking contrast to the Indian's late opponent, Jackson, "the Old Deer." Deerfoot's performances are too fresh in the memory of our readers to require recapitulation. Jones' first attempts in pedestrianism were in small handicaps, in which he contended with varied success. The first event which brought him into prominent notice, was a handicap at Hackney Wick, receiving 160 yards start, the distance being five miles; Mills, White, Job Smith, Barker, and other celebrated men contending. This race ended in a dispute, Jones insisting that White had to "lap" him again. The result was a fresh match to test who was the best man, Jones receiving 200 yards start in five miles. In this race he suffered defeat, the Gateshead Clipper catching him at three miles. He then beat Baines two miles, and in return was defeated by Shepherd, in a race of two miles. He then beat Baines and Stainer, in a sweepstakes, distance one mile; and also vanquished Toddy Ray, giving him one minute and a half start in ten miles His speed and endurance now attracted the attention of Mr J. Roberts, who at once took him in hand, and matched him to run Barker ten miles, Jones receiving half a minute start, and being caught at four miles he gave up; he then received forfeit from Jem Pudney, and was matched against the celebrated Teddy Mills. Jones having two minutes start in ten miles; here his star was in the ascendant, for he ran Mills down at the fourth mile This brings us to the race of four miles, for £25 a side, on Monday, Oct. 21. As the preparations were completed for toeing the scratch, the excitement became intense, and all pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the race, which was run the reverse way to Deerfoot's previous contest with Jackson. The referee appointed the famous ex-champion sprint runner, Harry Reed, starter. At the scratch, Jones, in a spirit which did him great credit immediately extended his hand to the Indian Apollo, who, somewhat surprised by this unexpected act of good fellowship, was momentarily confused, but directly perceiving the meaning of the act, returned the compliment with a hearty grip.

The starter having put the customary question, "Are you ready?" the word "Go" was given at exactly twenty-five minutes past four, and off sped Deerfoot for his sixth encounter with the "pale faces"

The Child of the Prairie at once dashed to the front, making the running at a strong pace, leading by about a yard, in his now well-known style, Jones going well within himself, following in the stride of the Indian, and a most exciting scene it was, for every stride taken by the men could be plainly seen. In this position they came careering along, until the first lap, a quarter of a mile, had been completed, in 1 min. 1¾ sec. In rounding the top turn, Jones forced the pace a little, and led the way by about two yards, but in going down the back stretch he again fell into the rear, and the pace became sobered down a little; thus was finished the third lap, the Indian leading by a yard. Again, at the top bend of the course, Jones put on a spurt and went to the front, evidently determined to force the pace, but Deerfoot would not be denied, and passed him again in the back stretch, and finished the fourth lap, one mile, one yard ahead, in 4 min. 50 secs., both bounding along like masses of India rubber. The second mile was commenced amidst loud cheers from the assembled multitude, each striving his utmost to cut the other down; in this order the fifth and sixth laps were completed, the Indian just leading; each man, at times, putting on a tremendous spurt, which was readily and gamely answered by his antagonist. While running the seventh lap, Jones, by a fine burst came to the fore, and merrily led the way by two yards, amidst thunders of applause, and cries of "Well done, Jones," "Go it, Deerfoot." Without any variation in the order of running the eighth lap, two miles was finished almost shoulder to shoulder, in 10 min. 11 sec As the men commenced the next lap, the rain, which for some time had been threatening, began to come down, adding but little to the comfort of the spectators. This lap was run without any material change in the position of the competitors, but swinging round the top corner at the commencement of the tenth lap, Deerfoot lunged to the front, and led until near the finish of the lap, when Jones, as they came up the straight, went up to his shoulder and they passed the score side by side, and in a few yards further was leading by half a yard. This honor he was not destined to hold long, for along the back of the course the descendant of "Uncas" deprived him of the lead, and passed the score for the eleventh lap, leading by a yard. The next lap was most splendidly contested, each straining every nerve to cut down his opponent; and as stride succeeded stride the excitement became intense as to the ultimate issue, neither seeming to have the advantage of his opponent, either in speed or staying capabilities. In coming up the straight, however, to complete the twelfth lap, three miles, Deerfoot was called upon by Mower to put on another spurt, which call he gallantly answered, and foot by foot he got away from the Englishman, amidst deafening cheers and uproarious shouts; and on passing the score in 15 min. 37 sec., was leading by six yards From here a succession of spurts took place, first one leading by a yard, and then the other. Thus were the thirteenth and fourteenth laps got through; but on commencing the fifteenth lap, it was a "gone coon" with Jones, who now showed unmistakable evidence of the severity of the pace—as with his head hung on one side, his lower jaw dropped, he laboured heavily in the rear, losing ground in each stride until on entering the straight, he made another desperate effort to overtake his swarthy opponent; but it was his last, for on reaching the top end of the course he fell exhausted into the arms of Mr Roberts, and was assisted from the ground, leaving Deerfoot to finish the remaining lap by himself, and thus adding another leaf to his already well-filled wreath of victories.

We append the following table, computed by Benson's infallible "chronograph" watch, and it can be relied upon as accurate.

TIME.

	M	S			M	S	
1st lap	1	1¾		9th lap	11	20½	
2nd "	2	17¼	1st mile,	10th "	12	51½	3rd mile,
3rd "	3	33	4 min. 50 sec.	11th "	13	12½	5 min. 26 sec.
4th "	4	50		12th "	15	37	
5th "	6	9		13th "	16	58	
6th "	7	29¾	2nd mile,	14th "	18	20¾	4th mile,
7th "	8	48	5 min. 21 sec.	15th "	19	40½	5 min. 15¼ sec.
8th "	10	11		16th "	20	52¾	

Total 20 52¾

The Indian being exceedingly shrewd and suspicious in such matters, his backer has had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to bank the money, now a considerable sum, which he has amassed since his arrival in England. He carries his wealth about with him, and as he will take no notes, he has become overburdened with gold. At last, however, the Indian has consented to deposit his money in the Bank of England, on Mr. George Martin's assurance that *if it breaks, he will guranter repayment!* Deerfoot has paid visits to most of the objects of interest in London, in plain clothes, and yesterday he was immensely delighted with a long tour of inspection round the British Museum. He is very anxious in keeping the "old folks at home" posted with his deeds and progress among the "pale faces," and despatches newspapers frequently to the missionaries. We may add that Deerfoot, who is a Christian, prays assiduously night and morning. Among the fair sex, "Deerfoot" has greatly ingratiated himself, and he has been somewhat embarrassed with numerous cases of "love at first sight," but women worship notorieties, of whatever clime or color. Deerfoot has plenty of work on hand. On Monday next he contends at Birmingham, in a race of five miles; on November 14, at Portsmouth, in a ten mile race; on November 25, at Hackney Wick, against S. Parks, for the ten miles champion cup.—*Sporting Life*, Oct. 23.

MORE NOVEL PEDESTRIANISM.—A match is about being made between Deerfoot and a young man who will astonish the public by his running, and who, it is sanguinely contemplated, will defeat the Indian Pedestrian. This young person is well known at Wolverhampton, his native town, Young Henry Foy, optician, son of M. James Roy, tea dealer of that town. Recently he undertook to walk and run in 16 successive hours 101 miles at Exter. A mile was measured on the Bath road. The betting was 8 to 1 against him at starting, but at eight in the evening the odds were reduced to 3 to 1. The feat commenced at half-past eight, and ceased at twenty minutes to nine. At that time he accomplished 83½ miles in twelve hours and twenty-five minutes. He ran the first 10½ miles without stopping in fifty-one minutes. Made 11¼ miles in the first hour, 18 miles in the first two hours, and 6¼ in the last hour. His left knee, that he had severely sprained in running the 41 miles in four hours and eighteen minutes at Bridgewater, pained him greatly after the first hour's run, and was, there is little doubt, the only cause of hisnot performing the feat fully and easily. For the last two or three hours he suffered intense agony, and it was while endeavoring to "spirt" up to a run again that his knee suddenly failed him and he fell. He was picked up and carried to a house amidst tremendous cheering During the 70th mile, Roy, while running at full speed, caught hold of a donkey's bridle and led it along rapidly. Four horses of Mr. Pratt's, of the London Inn, accompanied him, relieved every 21 miles Notwithstanding the exertion he underwent, he was up at seven the next morning walking about the city. The most that has ever been accomplished in 12 hours has been 61 miles, but Roy made 72½ miles, after running 11¼ miles in one hour. Henry Roy has supported himself by his remarkable pedestrian feats. He is about five feet in height, and rather stout in person. He is also a thorough gymnast. At Wolverhampton he is known as the "Young Samson," and is believed by many persons for his age, to be one of the strongest men alive.

JEM MACE AS A PEDESTRIAN.—Jem Mace in answer to a recent challenge, will run Beadigo or Poulsen ten miles, and give them two miles start; or he will run twelve miles to their ten, for £25 or £50 a side. As he intends to visit Dublin shortly, he will be happy to accommodate Levett in a six mile race, on receiving two minutes start, for £25 or £50 a side, as he hears Levett wishes to run him.

AQUATICS.

SCULLERS RACE.—On Monday, Oct. 21, David Hughes and Thomas Knox rowed a scullers race from Putney to Mortlake, in old-fashioned boats, for £10 a side. Both men were novices, the match arising out of the late Victoria Docks' Regatta, where Hughes won the first prize. After a few strokes Knox took the lead up to the half Moon Cricket Ground, where Hughes rowed up to him, and trying to go by, a foul occurred, in consequence of Knox rowing across. They fouled continually until they reached Hammersmith Bridge, where Knox drew away, and came in first by three lengths The referee, in consequence of being astern, did not see the foul's, and has decided that the race shall be rowed over again.

ROBERT COOPER AND RICHARD CLASPER.—On Monday, Oct. 21, Robert Cooper and Richard Clasper were matched to row a scullers' race, from the Mansion House, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the Suspension Bridge, Scotswood, for £50 a side, on November 16, Casper receiving four boats' lengths' start.

GEO. DEWITT AND J. MACKINNEY MATCHED.—George Drewitt, of Chelsea, and John Mackinney, of Richmond, have signed articles to row a scullers race for £50 a side, from Putney to Mortlake, on November 19.

DEATH OF EDWARD MOORE, ESQ.—The hand of death has fallen severely upon the ranks of distinguished yachtsmen of late years, whose life's passions were centered in the sea and the glorious sport of yachting. Mr. Edward Moore died at his residence, Douglas, Isle of Man, on Tuesday, 22d of October. Mr. Moore, so well known as "the Admiral," has been engaged in many of the severest matches that have been sailed in the Irish Channel and the Clyde for many years past, and in cruising on the coasts of England and France; in all the regattas that have been held at Douglas, Isle of Man, he took an active and leading part, and much of their success has been owing to his well directed efforts, and his loss accordingly will be severely felt.

FORTHCOMING SCULLERS CONTESTS ON THE TYNE.—Notwithstanding the numerous matches that have already taken place on the Tyne this season, there are no fewer than four events on the *tapis* at the present time. The first event is that between Thomas Clasper, brother to H Clasper, and Matthew Scott, which comes off on Saturday, Nov. 23, from the High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, for the sum of £25 a side. £5 is already deposited. The next is between James Gillender and George Hedworth, to row in sculler boats, from High Level to the top of Meadows, for £10 a side, on the same day as the above. Thomas Matin and Teasdale Wilson are also matched to settle their disputed race. These two men, it will be recollected, contended in a skiff race in March last when Matin fell out of his boat, at a time, too, when he looked all over winner. His backers naturally felt dissatisfied at the result, and hence the present match. The race takes place on Monday, Nov. 25, from the High Level to Scotswood Bridge, for £25 a side. The next and most important of the four matches is that between Rd. Casper and R. Cooper. Both men have attained some celebrity, and the race will no doubt create a deal of interest. The following are the conditions:—"To row a right-away sculler's contest from the Mansion House to the Suspension Bridge at Scotswood, on Saturday, Nov. 16, for £50 a side, Casper to receive four boats' lengths start; to start from two boats, or buoys, placed 30 yards apart, moored off the Mansion House; to start by the first report of a pistol, fired by the referee, who is to be chosen on the night of the final deposit; to start one hour before high water." £10 a side is already deposited.

CLASPER TESTIMONIAL.—On Monday, Oct. 21, a special meeting of the committee of the "Clasper Testimonial" was held for the purpose of taking into consideration the form the testimonial should assume. Mr. T J Pickett was called to the chair. A resolution was carried to the effect that the testimonial should be in the form of a hotel, but that, at the present stage, it would be premature to decide on the exact plan until the total resources could be exactly calculated. In the course of the discussion it was suggested that the testimonial should be a sort of boating institute for young men, and that it be built near the site of the present Clasper Boat House, which suggestion appeared to meet with general approval.

PRESENTATION TO COOPER.—On Monday, Oct. 21, the friends and backers of R. Cooper entertained him at a sumptuous repast at the house of Mr J Young, Duke of Northumberland Inn, and presented him with the whole of the stakes of his late match, together with the skiff in which he rowed, in appreciation of his good conduct, and for the great amount of skill he displayed in his late contest with Strong. Mr J Young, who occupied the chair, presented the testimonial; R. Chambers, the champion oarsman, was in the vice-chair. The skiff was built by Jewett of Dunston, and is named the Duke of Northumberland.

TURF ITEMS.

MOURAVIEFF is advertised for the Stud.

LORD CLIFDEN'S stud are advertised to be sold by auction.

LORD STAMFORD has seventy five hunters at Quorndon.

BULL'S RUN is the name recently given to filly, by Artillery, out of Chevy Chase.

H BENNETT will, in future, have the charge of Mr John Bennett's horses, including Jealousy and Killigrew, at Barrow Heath.

IT is reported that Dictator has broken down in training. He is advertised to be sold by auction.

AT Tattersall's, on Oct. 21, Goldsmith, the celebrated steeplechaser, was sold to Mr. Pigot, for forty guineas.

AURELIAN, it is said, has been purchased by Mr. W. Craven.

CAMBRINO has been suffering from distemper, and is not likely to start for the Cambridgeshire.

HARRY BELL, who won the Cesarewitch and St. Leger some years ago, on Faugh-a Ballagh, and has lately been in India as a private soldier, is likely to be seen in the pigskin again, a well-known and chivalric owner of "the chocolate jacket" having bought him off, and given him a retainer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING AT SHEFFIELD.—QUOIT MATCH.—On Monday Oct 21, the Sheffield Champion, J. Hukin (of Little Sheffield) and Henry Swallow (of Attercliffe), decided their quoit match for £10, at Hyde Park. The game was 61 up Hukin giving his opponent ten chalks. The game was closely contested, although slightly in favor of Swallow during the first few ends; but eventually the Champion took a commanding lead, and obtained the required number (61), whilst his opponent registered twenty six, exclusive of the advantage given.

OFF FOR AUSTRALIA.—On Friday afternoon, Oct. 18, ten of the cricket-players selected to represent England in Australia, went to the station of the Great Northern Railway, King's cross. They were accompanied by numerous friends, and upon the signal being given for the starting of the train, a hearty parting cheer was given them which was heartily responded to by them, and all being in high spirits, and sanguine of success. Mr. Mallam, the Australian agent of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, was with them and several members of the Surrey Club and personal friends took places in the train determined to accompany them to Liverpool. On arriving at Liverpool, they were joined by Iddison, the eleventh man, the twelfth (G Wells) having started some few weeks back. On Saturday they went on board the Great Britain, and at parting, the numerous friends and spectators gave them a ringing farewell cheer, and hearty wishes were expressed for a prosperous voyage out and a safe return home, crowned with the laurels of victory. Previous to leaving London the players called on Mr. J. Bartlett, of the Waterloo road, who presented them with a handsome new bat each of his own manufacture The first match will be played in Melbourne, and is likely to take place on December 26.

FOOTBALL AT RUGBY.—On Saturday, Oct. 5th, the Sixth played the School, and the match was continued on the Monday and Thursday following. Contrary to the expectations of both sides, the match proved much more even than had at first been supposed. Still, throughout the first day the Sixth had decidedly the advantage, but, in spite of three place-kicks at goal, could obtain no permanent advantage. On Monday, Ashton ran in for the School, and Johns kicked a splendid goal. On the Sixth side, Martin executed a beautiful bit of play, but his drop most unfortunately only hit the goal post The third day the School played with decidedly less vigor than on the two previous ones, and, in consequence, were considerably penned. After the first half-hour a goal was kicked for the Sixth by Martin, and towards the end of the afternoon he kicked a second also, thus terminating this match, one of the best fought and most exciting that has been played for years. On the side of the Sixth, Messrs Collyer, Butler, Davenport, Walker, and Foster, among Old Rugbeians, distinguished themselves by their brilliant play; among the present Sixth Messrs. Collyer, Martin Davis, Johnson, and Hart. Messrs. Rutter (O.R.), Ash (O.R.), Hopkinson (O.R.), Marshall, Hood, and Morrell rendered the School most efficient aid.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A pigeon match came off at Oldham, on Monday, Oct. 21st. The weather was exceedingly fine, and upwards of 300 persons were present, though only one contest was fixed for decision. This was a match at pigeons, for £10 a side, between J. Wolfenden and J. Butterworth, respectively of Oldham, the agreement being that the former should shoot at 11 and Butterworth at 10 birds, with 2 oz of shot, 21 yards rise, the ground the boundary, and Mr. Mellor, of Oldham, to be stakeholder and referee. The betting at the commencement was 5 to 4 on Wolfenden, and whilst the match was pending, as much as 10 to one was offered on him. Subjoined is the score:—Butterworth missed the first three killed the fourth, the fifth escaped, and he then brought down his remaining five birds—total, 6 out of 10. Wolfenden killed the first four, missed his fifth, killed the sixth, his next four flew away, and he brought down his last bird—total, 6 out 11. The match consequently ended in a tie.

CHESS MATCH BETWEEN PAULSEN AND KOLISCH.—This great match goes on daily at the London Club, Cornhill, but victory seems to incline all one way, Paulsen having won six games and lost only one, while there have been nine or ten draws. There is still time for Kolisch to regain the laurel, as the victor must score nine games; but we presume that he is rather disheartened at the state of matters, and this tells against him. Paulsen is so correct that, if he gains but half a pawn advantage, he stubbornly holds it on to victory; and Kolisch finds his splendid "coups d'attaque" broken against Paulsen's untiring patience. It certainly looks as if Paulsen may claim the title to be hailed the first player in Europe.

SINGLE WICKET MATCH EXTRAORDINARY.—SWAIN VS. ELEVEN OF THE BURLEY CLUB.—On Saturday, October 19, a single wicket match was played at Burley, near Otley, between Swain, the cricketer, and eleven of the Burley club; the whole of the eleven fielding, whilst their opponent was entirely upon his own hook, and had no help. The game commenced at a quarter past two o'clock, with the eleven batting; but the whole were disposed of within the hour for 3 runs and 2 wides. Total 5. Swain then tried his hand with the bat, but was disposed of by the second ball for 0, being bowled off the pad. A few minutes afterwards, he again made his appearance against Preston's bowling, "which was well on the spot," and after some very steady play, succeeded in rubbing off the score against him, and when time was called, had put 23 to his name (not out) Caleb Robinson and W Hudson officiated as umpires. The following is the state of the score:—

SWAIN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Swain b Preston	0	not out	23
Total	0	Total	23

THE ELEVEN—First Innings.

Triffit b Swain	0	Fox b Swain	0
J B Falla b Swain	0	Lupton b Swain	0
Speight b Swain	0	Ward b Swain	0
T Swain b w b Swain	0	Jowett b Swain	0
E Whittam b Swain	2	Wides	2
H Whittam b Swain	0		
Preston b Swain	1	Total	5

THE TURF.

THE TURF AT NORTH CHELSEA, MASS.—On the 5th inst., a series of races took place at the Franklin Trotting Park, for the benefit of Mr F A F. Adams, the gate keeper of the course. The first race was between two four in hand teams. Mr. Adams himself was the winner of the race, against Foss and Stevens' team He won the heat in 3:20 when the other team was withdrawn. Next was a running race, mile and repeat, between Socks, Ethan Allen's running mate, and young Wilton Brown. Socks won in two straight heats. Time, 2:07 2:07¼ Then there was a trotting race a mile and repeat, to harness. Three entries were made, and they started in the following order—Lady Oxnard, driven by Z. G. Brownell, had the pole; Lady Morrison, driven by F. Briggs, second, and Lady Stewart, dri

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

A WORD FOR SKATING.—To the true devotee of out door pastimes, it would be an absurdity almost, to intimate that the skating season is fast approaching, for your genuine lover of healthful exercise is ever on the alert to hail the coming of the seasons and their appropriate festivities and out door games; but to those milk and water individuals, who court and hug the fire-place, instead of seeking natural warmth in open-field exercise, a word or two is quite necessary to stimulate them to action. People nursed to artificial heat, naturally find fault with the varied changes of temperature, because the sudden changes effect the nerves, making them irritable, and when they encounter the passing winds of "bleak December" the frame, so void of natural heat, shakes like an aspen leaf, the teeth chatter, the blood settles into a frigid state, and the probabilities are that before the lapse of forty-eight hours, a doctor's bill will have to be paid, which is the penalty of stove hugging. To those poor unfortunates who fear the winter blasts, we would say, seek the ice pond and there upon the polished irons, skim the frozen surface until the exercise seems a pleasure—not a toil, for physical overwork is but to defeat the object sought—a ruddy glow will illumine your cheeks, the blood will circulate freely and give to the body that natural heat essential to vigorous life. Do this, and before the exit of stern winter, you will endeavor to discover "what in thunder the people do with all the doctors!" As rosy cheeks are no longer viewed as unfashionable, the advice we give is applicable to females, especially to those that are classed as "the fragile women of America," and we hope that during the skating carnivals at the Central Park and elsewhere, during the coming winter, thousands of the fair sex will avail themselves of the untold physical benefits derived from the exhilarating exercise we here advocate, as an antidote to many of "the ills that flesh is heir to." We call the attention of our readers, thus early, to induce them to give the subject due consideration, and to prepare themselves for the campaign before it is upon us, having in view the motto, that "to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

ON THE ROAD.—The recent fine weather has made the various drives in the suburbs of the city quite attractive to amateur Jehus, who are in the habit of trolling out their fast 'uns just to have a little dash. Among them was Mons. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, who prides himself on his horse flesh, and between whom and Commodore Vanderbilt, considerable rivalry is said to have existed in reference to who should own the fastest pair of trotting horses. Bonner has always declined to match his horses, being opposed to betting. On Saturday, the 26th ult., however, in order to satisfy himself of their speed, he drove his horses—Lady Palmer and Flatbush—to his road wagon, in the extraordinary time of 2:27—the last quarter in 34 seconds. Hiram Woodruff, Mr. Wheelan, Mr. Harker, and a number of other good judges witnessed the performance, and timed it. We presume, after this, that the Commodore will be putting his team through "a course of sprouts" quite frequently, until he heads off the above time.

EAST LYNNE; OR, THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.—A domestic novel, bearing the foregoing title, has just been issued by Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers, No. 18 Ann street, New York. For an intense dramatic work, replete with incidents described in language easily interpreted, no book can excel it. In one volume, pp. 201, price 50 cents. Sent to any address in the United States, free of postage.

A NOVEL SHOOTING MATCH.—It is told of one of the Michiganders, that, being out on advanced picket duty a few days ago, he came in sight of a South Carolina rebel, also on similar duty, when the following dialogue and *duel* took place:

Michigan.—"Hallo, South Carolina, how are you to-day?"

South C.—"Pretty well, thank you. How are all the Yankees."

M.—So so. What's the news over in Dixie?"

S. C.—"Nothing in particular, only we have got some rifles now that will out shoot your Yankee guns all hollow."

M.—"Don't believe the yarn. You *secesshers* brag too much. Can't fool your pap on that trigger."

S. C.—"Suppose, then, you and I just take a few private passes at each other to settle that little question. What say you?"

M.—"Agreed. Forty rods, and three shots each."

The question then arose as to the preliminaries, there being no parties present to act as seconds. These were, however, soon settled by South Carolina *giving Michigan a gold dollar for the first three shots*. The parties then took their positions, and South Carolina blazed away his three shots at Michigan, who stood erect, and pointed out the direction each of his shots had taken. Michigan escaped unhurt, and now came his turn to fire. South Carolina, to his credit be it said, stood erect, and received Michigan's first fire in the thigh, which brought him down upon the ground.

"Hello, old fellow, none of that," said Michigan, "no dodging the question; stand up like a man, will you? *You owe me two d——d good shots*, and you must pay them, mind that, or no more bragging about *chivalry*."

But South Carolina, having one leg broken already by a shot from Michigan's unerring Minnie musket, could not stand on both pegs of his chivalry, and, therefore, *squatted*, and consequently cheated our honest Michigander out of "*two d——d good shots*," and thus ended this funny impromptu duel.

CRICKET IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The scores of two cricket matches, played by the Garrison of Fredericton and the Students of the University of New Brunswick, we append, as they reached us. The first match was played on September 25th.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.	Total.
62d.....	73	55	128
Collegians.....	77	52	129

With eight wickets to "go down." The return match was played on October 15th.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.	Total.
62d.....	30	21	51
Collegians.....	100	21	121

The students thus winning by one innings and forty-nine runs.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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JAMES E. MURDOCH.

AMONG those who stand pre-eminent amongst us are Mr. Edwin Forrest and Jas E Murdoch. Almost we may say, self-taught in the profession, and neither of them slavish enough to succumb to the fashion of aping an actor, and building up a reputation on the striking peculiarities and not unfrequently glaring absurdities of some (once popular) foreign artists. Acting and poetry are not unlike, both to be great, must be original.

The subject of our sketch was born in Philadelphia, in 1812, and learned the book-binding business with his father. Having a penchant for the stage, and wishing to devote his time to some other employment, we soon find him a member of a debating society, which met in the Humane Engine House in Callowhill street; from there, they formed into a dramatic association and located themselves in Carter's Alley, where they did not remain very long. Their next move was to Taylor's Alley; from there to Sixth and Race streets, where he made his first appearance in the character of Glenalvon, in "Douglas." His first appearance on a public stage took place Oct 13th, 1829, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Frederick, in "Lover's Vows." His conception of the character was correct, his enunciation clear and distinct. The house was crowded, and at the fall of the curtain he was summoned before it, when he returned thanks for the kindness with which his first effort had been received.

His second appearance was as Young Norval, which attracted a crowded house. His first benefit took place Dec. 8th, 1829, when he appeared as Selim, in "Barbarossa," being his fourth appearance on the stage. First appeared at the Chestnut (Old Drury) January 28th, 1830, as Young Norval. Made his *debut* in New York at the Park Theatre, in 1838, as Benedick, in "Much Ado About Nothing." Was stage manager of the Chestnut in 1840 and '41. On the 16th of March, 1840, a complimentary benefit was tendered him, when he appeared as Henry, in "Speed the Plough."

Shortly after this Mr. M retired from the stage. We next find him in conjunction with E. L. Davenport, giving lectures on elocution, and Shakespeare, at the Chinese Museum, in May, 1846. In 1853, he paid a visit to California and made his *debut* at the American Theatre, Aug. 23. In 1856, he visited England, making his *debut* at the Haymarket, London, Sept. 22d, as Young Mirabel.

Arrived in New York from England, Aug 24, 1857, and appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre, Sept. 7th; appeared in Philadelphia, Sept. 28, at the National, Eighth and Walnut streets, as Young Mirabel.

For years Mr. M. has labored, devoted his time and energies to the cause of the drama, and to perfect himself in its art—for years, the stage and its literature have been his study, and to advance both, he has not unfrequently missed his popularity at their shrine. His recitation is considered to be one of the most easy, natural and effective that our stage can boast of. He never "oversteps the modesty of nature." He is clear and remarkably distinct in his articulation, correct and spirited in his gesture and a perfect master in the delineation of the passions. As a private citizen, a friend and a man of family, there are none more estimable. He has earned a high character as an artist, and his urbanity and general deportment have gained for him a high character as a gentleman. His very beauties are passed over because they are not fashioned or grounded by precedent; his bold conceptions and striking originalities are looked upon as deviations from long established rules—while, on the contrary, they are the perfection of art, and himself the personification of the character. The actor who gives you words, with the action of his art only, and who does not feel what he has to impart, is not a true artist. Like a bad portrait painter, he gives a "sorry sight" of the object, with not one intellectual trait in the picture. The art of acting consists in making words and actions convey the author, his philosophy, his poetry, his meaning, his freshness and originality. Let an actor show us these, not by a reflective light, but by the glare, splendor and brightness of his own. Such is Mr. Murdoch. He comes before us a scholar in his art, with a mind and soul full of the poetry of the world, and a voice musically organized and attuned to melody. He imitates no one, but relies altogether on his own innate resources and thorough knowledge of the subject, to produce the effects which astonish, while they delight us.

He throws over and around a part, an atmosphere of truth and nature, and yet we sometimes forget, in the wild and fearful energy of his manner, that the actor stands before us. His "Stranger" is a picture of a broken and desolate heart. Mr. Murdoch rattles through the part of Rover with a manly force that reminds one of the old order of light comedians; but, strange to say, he misses a point, of which more can be made than anything else in the whole range of the character. The blow administered by Sir George Thunder, should utterly change the whole aspect of the hitherto careless Stroller, and make the feeling of the gentleman especially prominent. Mirabel is his *forte*, and he may be allowed to plume himself on it, for it can never fail of pleasing, while represented by him. He is excellent throughout, but in the last act, he appears to more advantage than anywhere else, probably, from the singular association of ideas connected with his situation. His obstreperous cachination, and apparent indifference while struggling with the greatest mental agony, are excellently portrayed, as combating against the gloom of circumstance; and his succeeding triumphs and subsequent exhaustion, by too sudden a transition from menacing danger to secured serenity, is a fine specimen of the great revulsion of faculty which such an occurrence would occasion.

Were Mr. Murdoch to confine himself to comedy and plays, and leave tragedy for those who have the requisite requirements for the deep drawn characters of the drama, he would be looked up to as a much greater actor than he is now considered.

But his aspirations after Shakespeare clip the wings of his comic powers, and lend no aid to his tragic ones.

His Hamlet is a beautiful specimen of elocutionary powers—artistic, cold and classical; as it is, however, but a piece of Demosthenian declamation, and *Talma*-tic illustrations of postures we can only speak of it as an exhibition of this sort and not as the representation of *the* Hamlet, in whose powers, trials, madness and hesitancy, the actor should be forgotten.

Mr. M. was the first Claude Melnotte in Philadelphia, and the second representative of that character in America; Edwin Forrest being the first.

SAMUEL K. MURDOCH.

THIS gentleman, the brother of James E. Murdoch, was born in Philadelphia, February, 1821, and when quite young, commenced the study of medicine, but was interrupted by the illness of his father, whose business of blank book binding he was obliged to take charge of. He continued in that business for some years; finally relinquishing it, he commenced the life of a farmer, but having become identified with military life (and commanding a military corps), he volunteered his services on the breaking out of the Mexican war, but his company, like many others, was doomed to disappointment. On the discovery of gold in California, our hero set sail for that country, and having previously completed his study of medicine, he commenced the practice of it. Finding farming profitable on his arrival there, he also embarked in that, still continuing to devote a part of his time to practice. In 1852, while in San Francisco, he was induced to adopt the stage as a profession, and having during previous years cultivated a taste for elocution, he made his *debut* January 16th, 1852, at the Jenny Lind Theatre, as Pierre, in "Venice Preserved," and it was pronounced by the entire press of that city, and by J. B. Booth, Jr., stage manager, to be the most successful first appearance ever seen. He played four nights, for which services he was payed by T Maguire, the then manager, the sum of three hundred dollars, which sum is without doubt the most lucrative "first appearance" ever heard of. He then joined the stock company of the "American." On the arrival of his brother James in that country he supported him during all his engagements. During Mad. Anna Bishop's successful operatic engagements in San Francisco, Mr. M. performed in the German language, and received the unqualified approbation of the press. In 1855 he left California, and made his first appearance in Baltimore, at the "Museum," as Pierre to his brother's Jaffier, on the 12th of March. First appeared in his native city April 23d, at the City Museum, as St. Pierre in "The Wife." During the season of 1859-60, he was the leading man at the New Memphis Theatre. Mr. M. is a student of the profession, well read, and an actor of more than mediocre reputation. He is a gentleman whose connection with the stage is calculated to give it character, and whose zeal and devotion in its cause has placed his name among the most reputable and gifted of his profession.

Mr. Murdoch is one of the best elocutionists on the American stage; he is one who knows how to scatter the most sparkling gems among an appreciating audience. His personal appearance is prepossessing in a remarkable degree, and imparts a graceful effect to his recitations. As a dramatic reader, Mr. M. has won great applause in his native city. He is at present giving lessons in elocution in Philadelphia.

MRS. JOHN DREW.

"Thalia presided at her birth, and study and art have only been the hand maids of nature."

BORN in England, January 10th, 1818; maiden name Louisa Lane. Made her first appearance on any stage at the Liverpool Theatre, Eng., as Agib, in "Timour the Tartar;" made her first appearance on the American stage, September 26th, 1827, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Duke of York, to Booth's Richard; made her first appearance in New York, March 3d, 1828, at the Bowery theatre; made her first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, June 3d, '28; and again at the Bowery in '38. Visited all the principle cities in the United States, becoming an immense favorite wherever she appeared.

Returned to Philadelphia, and made her first appearance at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, January 5th, 1829 sustaining five different characters in a new farce called "Twelve Precisely," and Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child." In the first piece she personated an Irish character, and for a child of eleven years, her versatility was wonderful; her brogue and manner were excellent. Her performance of Little Pickle possessed great merit. On the 8th; she appeared as Dr. Pangloss, and in "The Actress of All Work." Her personation of Dr. Pangloss was pronounced by the critics of the day—"the best since the days of Twaits, yet at the same time, he never produced half the effect, nor was his humor by any means as rich, as our heroine's. In the "Actress of All Work," she went through six characters, distinguishing and marking each with a precision that would have done credit to many of the "stars" that occasionally twinkle on our stage.

Her first benefit took place January 16th, 1829, appearing as Dr. Pangloss. As she stood by the orchestra, and looking round the pit, enquired if any one there wanted the instructions of an L. L. D and A. S. S., at three hundred a year, the effect was irresistible, and the house shouted with laughter. She then went to the Walnut, where she played a farewell engagement prior to her departure for the South and West. On the 5th of July, 1829, she opened in Cincinnati, as Dr. Pangloss; September 22, '29, returned to Philadelphia, and opened at the Arch Street for the first time; in April, 1830, opened in New Orleans as Richard the Third. January 8th, 1832, we again find her playing at the Walnut, making her first appearance as Albina Manderville, in "The Will."

In '29 she was married to Mr. Chas. Hunt, a member of the profession, and made her first appearance as Mrs. Hunt, Aug. 19, '33, as Italia, in "Romanzo," at the Walnut-street Theatre. Oct 4 1840, became a permanent member of the Chestnut-street Company, where she remained for some time. Was shortly after married to Mr. Mossop; made her first appearance in Philadelphia, as Mrs. Mossop, at the Walnut, May 24, '49, as Lady Raffle.

July 27, 1850 was married to Mr. John Drew, in Albany, N. Y., both being members of the Museum Company. When the Chestnut-street Theatre opened for the season of 1852-3, Mr. and Mrs. Drew became permanent members of the company till Feb. 21, 1853, when they went to the Arch street Theatre, then under the management of Thos. J. Hemphill.

On the 20th of Aug., 1853, Mr. Drew became one of the lessees of the Arch, and they remained at this theatre until July, 1855, since which time they have visited nearly all the cities South and West, as stars.

This lady is one of the most versatile actresses on the American stage. We know of no lady who possesses greater originality of conception, more boldness of design, or more intimate knowledge of that difficult art which assimilates acting to the workings of natural impulse. She is perfectly "at home" in tragedy and comedy. The muses of the two must have presided at her birth. They have, certainly, favored her with their choicest gifts. In the first character in which I saw her, she electrified the house—and not that alone, but the actors with her on the stage; and, though I had seen Miss O'Neil and other eminent English actresses in the same piece, I was obliged to place her above the whole of them. But what was my surprise at seeing her in the afterpiece of the same evening, exciting the audience to the most uproarious laughter, as Peggy in the "Country Girl." Never have I seen either piece so well played. Some years have passed since that time, but Mrs. Drew seems to have improved in versatility. Abundant evidences of this rare faculty are given by her, every night now, at the Arch. Her Lydia Languish in the "Rivals;" her Miss Sterling, in the "Clandestine Marriage;" her Emily Tempest, in the "Wheel of Fortune;" her Miss Blandford, in "Speed the Plough;" her Phœbe, in "Paul Pry," and her Mrs. Oakley, in the "Jealous Wife," were the best performances I ever witnessed. Such wonderful power of successful adaptation to everything assigned her, as she has, I never saw. I have seen the best actresses we have, in "their best," but Mrs. Drew excells them in everything, from high tragedy to the lowest farce. Whenever Mrs. Drew acts, everything goes off well, for not only does she inspire others by her own extraordinary ability, but she knows the old comedies and standard plays so thoroughly, as to be enabled to prompt everyone on the stage who may need a momentary assistance. She is an invaluable acquisition to any company, for she gives confidence to the actors and unlimited pleasure to the auditors, no matter how insignificant the part she assumes. The part of Lydia Languish offers no opportunities for the display of acting of any sort, and in the hands of the majority of actresses, degenerates into a weak, foolish school miss; yet Mrs. Drew throws a spirit into the romantic nature of the girl, and gives it an individuality that must be far more in accordance with Sheridan's design than the usual rendering of the character.

The part of Miss Dorillon, in "Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are," is a part beautifully adapted to the display of the really great qualities of her style. Wherever a true woman is to be portrayed, as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, there she is unapproachable. She is so true to nature, so thoroughly familiar with the character she assumes, and the minutest requirements of the situation—so microscopic, if the term be allowed, in detecting hidden meanings, which lie concealed in a word or suggestion of a word, and which escape all but those possessed with a mind like hers, that the more we see the more we wonder.

At present manageress of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MR. JOHN DREW.

BORN in Dublin, Ireland, September 3d, 1828. When he was six years of age he came to this country with his parents and settled in Buffalo; his father was a pianoforte maker.

Having a strong desire to follow the sea for a living, he one day informed his parents that he was "bound to be a sailor boy," and there being no objections, he was apprenticed to a whaler, and sailed from New Bedford on a three years' cruise; at the end of which time he arrived home, but not liking the Captain over and above well, he ran away and went to New Orleans, where he shipped on a Liverpool packet. He finally grew tired of a sailor's life, and dropping the marlin-spike and tar bucket, took to the sock and buskin.

He made his first appearance on any stage at the Richmond Hill Theatre, Greenwich street, New York, where he received a small salary, on account of the theatre doing a miserable business. He next visited Rochester, where he improved very rapidly, and became a very good low comedian. He next visited New York, making his appearance at the Bowery in 1845, as Dr. O'Toole, then under the management of A. W. Jackson, the father of Lizzie Weston Davenport, Mathews, &c.

In July, 1850, he met that charming actress Mrs. Mossop, formerly Mrs. Hunt, and immediately commenced an engagement with her for life—they were married on the 27th, in Albany. This "engagement" was no doubt the luckiest one he ever made, for on that instant he could command an engagement in any theatre in the country. They shortly after played a successful engagement at Niblo's; after which they went to Philadelphia, making his first appearance in that city at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, August 28th, 1852, as Trapanti, in "She Would and She Would not."

On the 20th of August, 1853, he, in conjunction with Mr. W. Wheatley, became lessee of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in which theatre he became an immense favorite. In 1855 he withdrew (!) from the management, and shortly after, in company with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Kinlock, went on a tour to Ireland, to visit once more the scenes of his childhood; he returned to the States, and has since played as a "star" throughout the United States and Canadas.

In appearance, Mr. Drew is rather short in stature, slender in proportion, and very plain and unpretending in his manner and dress. He is easy to approach, and has a pleasant word and an agreeable smile for every one. In sailor characters, he stands unapproachable on any stage; his personation of William, in "Black Eyed Susan," is one of the most natural performances ever produced on the American stage, every motion, look, &c., even to the "hitching up" of the "trousers," showing the "identical" character in its true light.

The generality of the delineators of Irish characters burlesque the peculiarities of the nation, and of those who claim it as the place of their birth. Powers came the nearest to be a truthful representative, and yet occasionally he took advantage of his position to color his pictures a little too high for nature. There is in the Irish people a peculiar national trait—one that has passed down through ages, in which it has never been lost sight of—and that is love of country, and a romantic, and, I may say, chivalric championship for all its virtues, vices and follies. It seems to be a part and portion of an Irishman's nature to venerate all and everything that is identified with his nation's history—past, present, and the imaginative future. It clings to him in poverty as tenaciously as it would and does in his wealth. No clime, no country, can ever alienate an Irishman from the associations of the Green Isle.

The man, therefore, who attempts to portray an Irish character on the stage, should be one well versed in all these particular traits. If he is not, his impersonations are mere burlesques and his coloring, apart from light and shade, the touches not of a master, but those of a daub.

I am not one of those who praise a man because he is what is termed "a whole soul fellow," and bring in his personal merits to justify indiscriminate praise; on the contrary, I am more apt to advise than praise, censure rather than puff. But when I select Mr. John Drew out from the few delineators of Irish characters, and pronounce him the best of them all, and having, I think, no equal in the world, I do so in perfect good faith toward the cause of criticism, and the individual eliciting it. Nor is it necessary for me to name more than one character as a proof of my assertion, as I am perfectly willing to rest my reputation as a critic, and Mr. Drew's as an actor, on that one alone. I allude to his impersonation of the character of O'Bryan, in the farce of "The Irish Emigrant." It is a perfect gem of the art histrionic; so natural, life-like, and characteristic, that, from the beginning to the end, the illusion ceases to be one; nor is it until the fall of the curtain, whose ponderous folds shut out the mimic scenes of life from those of the real, that I am fully satisfied of its being but a vision, yet so vivid and impressive, that I am compelled to respect art the more, even for its deceptive powers.

On the 6th of December, 1858, in company with his sister-in-law, Miss Georgiana Kinlock, he sailed for San Francisco, and made his first appearance in that city at the American Theatre. After fulfilling a highly successful engagement throughout that State he sailed for Melbourne, Australia, on the 12th of March, 1859, and played one of the most brilliant engagements on record. Setting sail from that country, he finally arrived in Liverpool, October, 1860, after a very long voyage of 105 days. He was under an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, London, but the length of his voyage detained him beyond the time, and he accordingly opened at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 22d of October, where he was very successful, as was his tour all over the Continent. His success in England has been unprecedented.

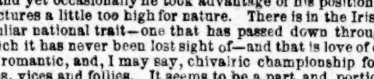
[Next week, Mary and Emma Taylor, Agnes Robertson, and Rachael.]

THE GAME OF CHESS.

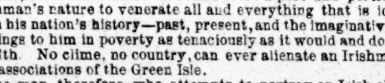
ENIGMA No. 302.

From the Illustrated London News.

BY REV. A. B. SKIPWORTH.



at his Kt 7, Q B 6, K R 4, K B 6, K B 5th.



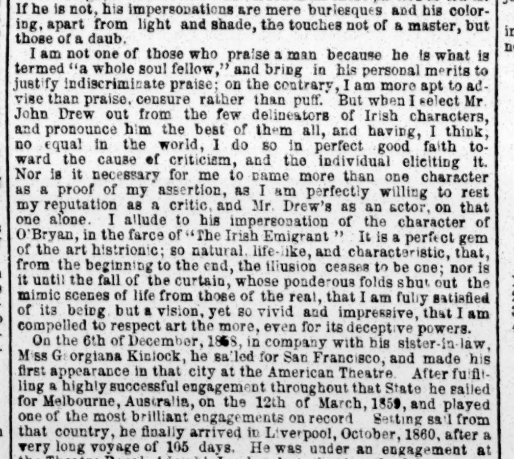
at his 2, Q sq., Q 3, Q B 2, Q B 4, Q Kt 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 302.

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 302.

A very singular skirmish by a first-rate of the Philadelphia Chess Club, giving a weaker brother the Q Kt.—*Contributed by* X. Y. Z., Senior.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Q B to B 4+	K×K P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13..K R-K sq+	K-Q R 4
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14..Q R-Q sq+	K-Q B 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	15..Q B-K 3+	K-Kt 4
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	16..Q-K 2+	K-Q R 4
6..Castles	P-Q 3	17..Q R×Q	Kt×Q R
7..P-Q 4	K B-Kt 3	18..Q-her B 4	Q Kt-B 3
8..Q P×P	Q P×P	19..Q B×B+	R P×B
9..K B×P+	K×K B	20..K R-K 5+	Kt×K R
10..Kt×K P+	K-his 3	21..Q-her Kt 4+, and mates next move.	
11..Q-Kt 4+	K×K Kt		

The oddity of the game is the surprising disparity of forces at the finish, the winner having Q only to *five* pieces, two of them Rooks. An excellent ornament to embellish some wonderful story.

The seventh *partie* of the great Kolisch-Andersen contest.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Herr Kolisch.	Herr Andersen.	Herr Kolisch.	Herr Andersen.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	17..K B to B 2	K R to Q sq,(b)
2..K Kt-B 3	P-K 3	18..Kt×Q B(c)	B P×Kt,(d)
3..P-Q 4	B P×P	19..Q B-Q 4(*)	Kt×B P(e)
4..K Kt×P	K Kt-B 3	20..Q×K Kt	K R×B
5..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-B 3	21..Q R-K sq(f)	R-Q B 5
6..Q B-K 3	P-Q 4	22..Q×Q Kt	Q×Q
7..K P×P	K P×P	23..Q R×Q	K R×B
8..Castles	K B-Q 3	24..Q R×P	R×R P
9..P-K R 3	P-K R 3	25..Q R-K 7	P-Q Kt 4
10..P-Q B 4	Castles	26..K R-Q B sq	Q R-K B sq
11..Q Kt-B 3	K B-K 4	27..K R-B 7	Q R×B P
12..K Kt-B 3(a)	B×Q Kt	28..Q R×P+	K-his B sq
13..Kt P×B	Q B-K 3	29..K R×R P	Q R×P+
14..B P×Q P	K Kt×P	30..Q R×R	R×K R
15..Q-her 2	Q-K B 3	31..R-Kt 6	R-K Kt 2, and
16..K Kt-Q 4	Q Kt-K 4	Herr Kolisch resigned.	

(*a*) As this involves the isolation of a pawn, he had better, possibly, have played Q Kt to K 2d.

(*b*) Kt to Q B 5th would have been imprudent, on account of the Attack's answer, 18..Q to her 3d, &c.

(*c*) This is not a good move—as we shall presently see.

(*d*) We should have preferred playing Kt to K B 5th, e. g.:—

18..	Kt to K B 5	20..K to R sq(3)	Kt×Kt
19..Q B to Q 4(1)	Kt-B 6+(2)	21..B×Q	R×Q, and the

Defence has much the better game.

(1) Any other move would be fatal to the Attack.

(2) If, instead, R take B, Herr K's best retort would be 20..Q to K 3d; for, should he take R with Kt, the Defence must win the Q by 20..Q to K Kt 4th; and if he take R with P, Defence will first (ch) with Kt at K B 6th, then take Kt with P, and win easily.

(3) If he take Kt, Herr A. may×B with R, and win.

(*) A hasty move, we should surmise; it appears to involve the unnecessary sacrifice of a very useful P.—*Stanley*.

(*e*) A fine move! Kt to K B 5th, however, would have been at least as effective.

(*f*) Hardly necessary to show loss of Q, if he take R.—*Staunton*.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game *in full;* beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. SWANK, Mauch Chunk, Pa.—Your Position appears this week. Shall be glad to examine more from the same source.

P. HARWICH, Harwich P. O., C. W.—You state that "you used to amuse yourself with boys," &c., &c., and further inform us that you wish to "engage with a man," etc. Know then by these presents, that the title of Green Mountain Boy by no means warrants your belief that you are to engage with a stripling, or tyro. We always did admire modesty. Don't fear that your opponent will leave the country before the game is finished. The address of the gentleman who has accepted your challenge is at your service, subject to the permission of your antagonist.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Painsville, Vt.—P. M. Harwich requests the initials of your name, which, with your permission, we will give next week.

OCEIS, Buffalo, N. Y.—Address received. More anon.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 29.—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND.

Black.		White.	
1..6	9	13	6
2..2	9	17	13
3..22	18, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 30.—VOL. IX.

BY YENDIS, OF BROOKLYN.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..27	24	31	24	5..6	31	18	9
2..15	19	24	15	6..3	12	9	6
3..13	17	22	13	7..1	10, and wins.		
4..8	3	15	8				

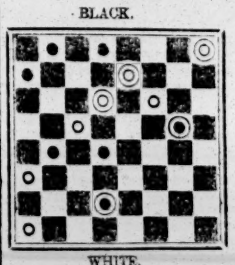
SOLUTION OF STURGES' 49th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..10	7	2	11
2..19	15	11	18
3..14	32, and wins, by having the move.		

POSITION No. 30.—VOL. IX.

BY J. SWAN.

BLACK.

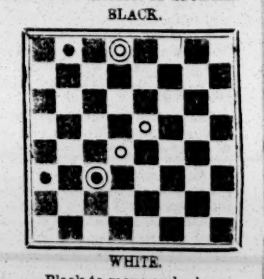


WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE 50th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
10..11	20	26	23
11..8	11	23	19

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
9..12	19	20	16
10..11	27	18	11
11..7	16	31	15

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME No. 7.

PLAYED BY P. F. AND COUNTRYMAN.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. P. F.		White. Countryman.		Black. P. F.		White. Countryman.	
1..11	15	22	18	3..8	11	29	25
2..15	22	25	18	and P. F. never replied.			

GAME No. 8.

BETWEEN METELLUS AND J. S.

NEW YORK.

Metellus.		J. S.		Metellus.		J. S.	
1..11	15	23	19	4..4	8	24	20
2..8	11	26	23	5..15	24	28	19
3..9	14	30	26	6..11	15, and J. S. informed		

Metellus that he could draw if he played right, but neglected to continue the game to decide the more important question, that he himself would not lose.

GAME No. 9.

BETWEEN METELLUS AND J. S.

DOUBLE CORNER.

J. S.		Metellus.		
1..9	14	22	18	was never continued further.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

Big Battle Between Harry Jones and Jem Raines the Sailor Boy.

In consequence of an interruption by the authorities, in a former battle between these men, a second match was made for £20 a side, which was decided on the 4th of June, 1827. Monday, being a holiday, the road was extremely thin as to sporting folks; and Watford, the rallying-point, was gained, without meeting with any particular objects worthy of note. At the above place, the office was given for Chipperfield Common, a distance of twenty-two miles from London; thither the disappointed Fancy repaired, but not without "lots of grumbling," at the long trot to witness a little mill. However, the ride was delightful; upon the whole, it was pronounced a pleasant journey, and a tidy day's sport. At ten minutes to two o'clock, the Sailor Boy, habited like one of the true blue fraternity, threw his hat into the ring, accompanied by the Poet-Laureate Fogo, and Jack Clarke; and Raines was not long behind him, attended by his seconds, Ned Stockman, and a flash dragsman of the name of Woolley.

Round 1. The Sailor Boy could not be in better condition, and Raines was also in good trim as to his training. It would seem as if the combatants were perfectly aware they had a long day before them, as neither Jones nor Raines were in a hurry to go to work. Ten minutes had elapsed in looking and dodging each other about, when Jones let fly with his left hand, whilst Raines cleverly put on the stopper. The latter boxer never commenced offensive operations, but always waited for the attack. Jones also well knew that great danger was to be apprehended by the countering of Raines, and therefore he was extremely cautious, thus accounting for this precious long round. The seconds were at the four corners of the ring, like hackney-coachmen upon a stand waiting for a fare, totally out of employ. Several of the spectators proposed to them to accept of a cigar, smoke a pipe, take a hand of cards, &c. At length a slight rally, or rather exchanges, occurred between them; when stopping, dodging, offering, again took place. Jones let fly, but Raines would not have it at any price. Good stopping on both sides. "Go to work," from all parts of the ring, had not the slightest effect. The Sailor Boy made a hit with his left hand, which was sharply returned by Raines; a little milling took place, and both of them cried out "first blood," but it was like a dead heat in this respect, a slight tinge of the claret appearing on both of their mugs at the same instant. It would be a waste of time to repeat all the stops, &c. The Sailor Boy, at length, went in like a jolly fellow, and the fibbing system was resorted to, hard and fast, on both sides, until they both went down, Raines undermost. Forty Minutes had now passed away in the above sparring-like manner.

2. This round was altogether as short. Some little stopping occurred, until Jones went in, as before, and finished the round by tipping it to Raines, and placing him undermost. Fifteen Guineas to fifteen Pounds were offered upon Raines.

3 Little bumps were observed upon the foreheads of both combatants; but nothing like mischief had passed between them. The listener of Raines had napped a little pepper. The latter endeavored to put in a right-handed blow, which, if it had told, summut might have been the matter. Raines stopped well; but he did not fight until he was compelled to defend himself. In closing, pepper on both sides was administered, and the Sailor Boy was thrown out of the ropes. Well done, Jem, and lots of applause.

4. The snorter of Raines looked red! For why? Jones' mawley had given it a rum tap! and he was a little on the piping suit. At the ropes, Raines was fibbed by his opponent, and ultimately thrown.

5. This was a tidy round; but the wind of Raines was rather troubled; and both cautious in the extreme. Jones planted cleverly a conker, without any return, and the claret also began to trickle down his face. Jones repeated the dose. Parrying on both sides, until Raines received a slight hit on the body, when he staggered backwards, and fell out of the ropes 2 to 1 on Jones.

6. The Sailor Boy always commenced milling, although cautious; he gave Raines another snorter, which sent him rather backwards; Jones then went in, and had the best of it until Raines was thrown.

7. It was clear to the spectators that Jones was now taking the lead; he cleverly put in a jobber, that made the nose of Raines not only swell, but spoiled the shape of it. In closing, Raines endeavored to be busy, but the Sailor Boy was the quickest with his mawleys—Raines received the most punishment, and in going down was undermost. Jones for a trifle; in fact, the friends of Raines began to perceive something the matter.

8 Raines put in a sharp blow on the listener of Jones. "Well done, Jem." The Sailor Boy, however, returned the favor with interest—he nosed his opponent, ditto, and ditto. (Laughing by the crowd, and "it is not fair to hit a man twice in a place.") Raines in the struggle was again down.

9. This round was decidedly in favor of Jones. All his blows told. The nose of Raines again napped it, and he was ultimately hit down. The Jones-ites had now booked it that the Sailor Boy could win it, without a scratch upon his face.

10 Not last, but interrupted. Jem made play, and slightly touched the cheek of Jones; but the Sailor Boy returned another noser. They closed, when some blows were exchanged, and the Sailor broke away. A long pause—both on the look-out. Counter-hits. Jones was going to repeat the dose, when a gentleman on horseback rode up to the ropes, followed by a constable with a staff in his hand, and proclaimed, "In the name of the King I command you to desist."

The Fancy immediately bowed submission, and the combatants immediately made "their lucky." The fight had lasted one hour and a quarter, but the yokels were sadly disappointed, and expressed their anger by loud hisses and groans. The tender sex (lots of whom surrounded the ring) and who were decorated in their best bibs and tuckers, it being holiday time, feeling the good old notion that "none but the brave deserve the fair," were sadly out of temper at the above interruption. The motley group were soon in motion, and in less than ten minutes the ground was summut like the "baseless fabric of a vision;" not a cove was left behind. The prads soon felt the persuaders—and the toddlers, puffing and blowing, were compelled to put their best foot foremost, in order to keep up with the drags. Watford was once more the rallying point; and, after a few minutes' conversation as to finishing the thing, a gentleman offered his meadow, near Bushy Lodge, within a mile and a half of the town, which was gladly accepted; and the Commissary General and his pal knocked up the ring almost before you could say "Jack Robinson." At a quarter to six the men were again in attitude.

Round 1. The Sailor Boy looked as fresh as a daisy, while Raines appeared none the better for the delay. He was rather stiff, and his right hand was a little swelled. Raines made some good stops; but Jones now seemed determined to finish the thing well, and went up to his man, fought with Raines, had the best of it, and downed him.

2. The left eye of Raines had napped pepper in the last round; and Jones left no time to polish off his opponent. He closed, and fibbed Jones severely until he got him down, but the Sailor Boy held up his hand, to show that he would not do anything wrong. "Bravo," and Jones 3 to 1.

3 Short, but all in favor of Jones—Raines down.

4 The mug of Raines was covered with claret, and Jones again fibbed him off his pins.

5. Jem was getting abroad, and he hit at random; however, it was a milling round on both sides, and Jones did not get off without some clumsy thumps. Both down, and Raines undermost.

6. Sharp work at the ropes, the Sailor Boy held his antagonist, and "tipped it to him," until he went down.

7. This round decided the fight. Raines was punished all over the ring, until he went down

8 to 12. It was as nice as ninepence to Jones; in the ninth round, Raines was done, and time was called three times before he was brought to the scratch, and then he was quite stupid; he, however, recovered, and fought the remaining rounds, or rather stood up to be punished, until Jones was declared the conqueror, in 20 minutes, the battle having lasted 95 minutes in all.

OBSERVATIONS.—Raines never attempted to fight; that is to say, he always waited for the attack: he countered at times well; he showed himself more of a sparrer than a milling cove. The Sailor Boy did everything in his power to win: he fought with capital science, and likewise bravely.

STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN OLDEN TIMES.—An old volume has the following:—"In the 18th of Queen Elizabeth, 1576, June 20, William Lumley, a Poor Man in the parish of Emeley, being kept in Prison by a rich Widow, and having a Mare of 22 years old with Foal, within three days after she Foaled a Female Colt, which immediately had an Udder, out of which was milked the same day a pint of milk, and every day it gave above three pints, to the great relief of his Wife and Children, and continued to do so a long time as was seen by many thousands. In her 35th year, in the month of March, were many great storms of Wind, which overturned Trees, Houses, Steeples, and Barnes; and in Bewdley Forest many Oaks were overthrown; in Horton Wood above 1,000 Oaks were blown down in one day."

ALMANAC OF FORTUNE.

THERE is a disposition very prevalent among the human species to look into their future destiny; to endeavor to ascertain beforehand what is to be their condition—whether rich or poor—fortunate or unfortunate—happy or miserable. That they may learn all these things without going to a fortune-teller—and thus save both time and money—we have, with great care, study and observation, concocted for their use the following infallible rules. All that is necessary to the correct understanding of them is for the reader just to recollect the month in which he was born. They are arranged after the plan of the *French Almanac*, but, in point of perfect accuracy, will be found very far to excel that foreign production—especially when applied to the latitude and longitude of this our first rate, true republican and ever-beloved country.

N. B.—To be especially read when the Moon is in Perigree, and never when in the full; but will answer, upon a pinch, for any other time.

JANUARY.

He that is born in January and lives to be a hundred years old, will see many a cold day, and meet with many a heart equally as cold. His nose, unless well protected with fur or some other warm commodity, will become as blue as a red potatoe every time he ventures to face a northeaster, when the mercury is below zero, and both his ears and his feet will stand a tolerable chance to be frozen on the same occasion. In love matters, it will in all probability go hard with him, should he chance to woo an icicle and marry a mustard pot. Should he happen to fail in money matters, he will, ten to one, be as poor as Job's turkies; and finally, whether rich or poor, he will die for want of breath.

FEBRUARY.

Those who are born in February will for the most part, never know which side their bread is buttered—not because they will be stone-blind or devoid of taste—but because the butter will be spread so thin. Many of them will fail in their own speculations, and more still will speculate upon other people's failings. Those who have one Quaker foot, will never make good dancers; and those who have two, in all likelihood, will not dance at all. And every son and daughter of them—unless they get married or die in season—will be old bachelors and old maids. Do not be born in this month, if you can help it.

MARCH.

Those who enter the world in March, will seldom meet with too much either of love, friendship, or compassion. They will many a time fall down and bump their heads in infancy; will frequently beg in vain for coppers, gingerbread, and playthings in childhood; will have more conceit, than either knowledge or good sense, in youth; and have cause to complain, in a greater or less degree, of the many hard rubs they will meet with during the rest of their lives. They will every winter be liable to colds and coughs; and, if they do not die of some other disease, will be very likely to go off by a pleurisy or consumption.

APRIL.

Those who are born in April, will presently begin to cry; and, should they live and grow up, will shed a great many tears before their life is finished. The females, when they have the hysterics, will laugh and cry in the same breath; and the males will generally have cause enough to weep without an onion. Many of the women will have elegant heads of hair, if they do not spoil it with combs and curling-irons; and many of the men will be in the habit of getting shaved. Most of the women will get married, if they can; and the gray mare will frequently be the better horse. As for the men, they will some of them be rich, and the rest from poor to middling.

MAY.

Those who are born in May, if they have light hair, will very often have blue eyes, and fair complexions. Many of the males will be nearly six feet high; and many of the females will possess a beautiful shape, if they do not spoil it by dress. Both male and female will be much inclined to fall in love, especially between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five; and should they make prudent matches, enjoy good health, possess a good temper, have obedient children and plenty of money, they will be apt to lead a very comfortable life.

JUNE.

Those who are born in June, and escape disease, will be as blooming as the rose, and will scarcely know what pain is. They will for the most part be ardent lovers—the men of good eating and the women of fine clothes. The men will generally be as happy as circumstances will allow; and will contrive, by hook or by crook, to live out all their days. The women will be exceedingly pleasant, when they are in a good humor; and, with very few exceptions, will live as long as they can. They will, a majority of them, get married, and leave plenty of heirs. Some of them will leave estates, and some will not; and where there is nothing left to quarrel about, there will be the less litigation.

JULY.

This is usually a hot month to be born in; and many of the July-flowers will fall before they arrive to maturity. A great many of the men will be fools; and a great many of the women, coquettes. Those who are married, unless they should happen to agree, will be apt to quarrel like cats and dogs; and those who live and die single, will never know what it is to be married. The men, when they are provoked, will very often fly in a passion, and the women under similar circumstances, will sometimes pout so as to spoil their beauty; and neither males nor females will enjoy a moment's happiness until they get fairly over their anger.

AUGUST.

Very few persons would be born in August if they could help it; and of those who are born, very few are either wiser, healthier, or happier than they should be. They are generally subject to sad disappointments, and hardly ever attain to the full height of their wishes. Those who lay plans to get immediately rich, will mostly fail in their schemes; and those who marry for love, will be very apt to wish they had married for money—and *vice versa*. The sons, unless they have a particular regard for truth, will many of them be liars; and the daughters, not a few of them, will be notorious chatter-boxes. Many of both sexes will die of cholera morbus, fever or some other complaint; and not one in a dozen will live to be a hundred years old.

SEPTEMBER.

This is a very clever month to be born in, for those that live and do well. The men with good luck and good management, will get as rich as Cræsus; and the women, let them have their own way, will generally marry agreeable to their wishes. The men will be the most obliging of husbands, when it suits their interests and inclinations; and the women will be the kindest creatures in the world, when it comports with their humor. A number, both male and female, will live to a good old age; a large portion of them will die in their beds; and the rest will rarely, if ever, be disturbed by the jangling of their heirs.

OCTOBER.

Those who are born in October will be endued with a great variety of passions, feelings and appetites. Their persons will also be various; some will be tall and some short; some thin and some thick; some will be brown and some fair; some will be sweet and some sour; and the rest will be just as it happens. As to their fortunes in life, they will differ no less than their mind and their persons; some will get exceedingly rich, and some remain exceedingly poor; and none of them will carry a cent out of the world with them.

NOVEMBER.

Many of those who are born in November, if there be any truth in signs, will have occasion to laugh out of the wrong side of their mouths. Their heads will often be where their feet should be, and *vice versa*. Those of them who have the hyp, will be gloomy and desponding; and those who get tired of life, will hang and drown themselves, if they can muster courage. A great part of those who dislike matrimony, will never get married; and several of those who wish to get married, will live and die single.

DECEMBER.

Those who come into the world in December, will be born at the fall end of the year. In many of their designs and speculations, they will utterly fail; and in others they will be a day after the fair. Those who build castles in the aerial regions, will find them vanish away; and those who contemplate them on the solid earth, will seldom have the pleasure of seeing them arise. Politicians will be selfish; coquettes will be foolish; cross wives will be unhappy; jealous husbands will be ridiculous; and noisy hypocrites will miss the way to heaven.

GOOD CRICKET.

FROM the state of the country owing to the rebellion, we have had but little cricket of a first-class nature among us, owing to the lack of opportunity to display it. Partly for the above reason, and partly for the sake of having on record the deeds of the prominent members of the Surrey Eleven of England, some of whom are known in the United States personally, and all by reputation, we publish the following synopsis of their play during the past season, in connection with the County of Surrey, by which it will be seen that most of them have indulged in "big figures:"—

The Eleven of this great cricketing community played thirteen county matches during the past season. They won six, lost five, and two were drawn. The Surrey Eleven scored 4058 runs, averaging upwards of 312 runs per match. The highest scorer during the season, both in innings and match, was

Julius Cæsar, who scored 111 runs in one innings, and 161 in the match, return, against Cambridgeshire. Julius Cæsar also stands at the top of the poll, with 604, as the highest total scorer for his county; and, moreover, the highest "average" county scorer is Julius, who has thus achieved a 'tripple triumph" with the bat in 1861. Not once was he got out with the ugly 0 to his name, always having left his mark; in fact, throughout the past season, Cæsar's batting for his county was of the very highest order; rapidly brilliant, punishingly effective, and to the lookers-on, one of the greatest cricket treats of the season.

Mr. E. Dawson stands second as the highest scorer in a match, with that fine 116 he made against England. Mr. Dawson's 80, in Surrey's first innings of this match, was one of the finest amateur exhibitions of batting made in 1861.

Caffyn is second highest innings scorer, and that with his magnificently-played 103 obtained against Cambridgeshire. Caffyn also stands third as highest scorer in a match, with his brilliant 104, obtained against England; and fourth, with his 100 (what a perfectly grand innings that memorable 98 was,) scored in his country's victory over the North.

Griffith—The renowned and popular "Old Ben"—has been all among them this past season, and by his 536 runs, fine fielding and bowling, proved himself one of the very best "all round cricketers" of the country. Old Ben always showed pace as a run-getter, but this year proved he could "stay" as well. Who can forget the admirable cool, steady, patient form old Griffith showed at the Oval, when he scored his famous 59, against the North? It was a model exhibition of batting, and took the steel out of the North bowling, and made things pleasant and clear for Caffyn's brilliant 98, and Lockyer's 69, that went a long way towards winning that great and extraordinary victory for Surrey. Truly, a rare good cricketer is George Griffith, and so is

Lockyer—"Glorious Old Tom," as "Bailey's Magazine" rightly terms him—for as a "wicket-keeper" Lockyer yet "stands alone in his glory"—and long may he flourish, and gratify the people with his wonderful cricket, behind "the three sticks." It will be difficult to find his equal at the "How's that" business; besides, see what fine hitting form "Mr. Tom" is in—what could possibly be better timed than his "not out 69" in the North match, his "not out 51" against the Oxford Sixteen, or his plucky, persevering "not out 41" against Kent. In the thirteen county matches played by Surrey, Lockyer has carried his bat out no less than seven times.

Little Tom Sewell, like Cæsar, has, more or less, always scored for his county this season, and was in capital form "all round," when he had the misfortune to have his thumb knocked up in the match against England; however, "busy" little Tom contributed 289 runs for his county; and his 68 against Nottingham, his 41 against Cambridgeshire, and his 37 against England, fully proved his value to Surrey, and as to his bowling, that has been pretty well "all there" right through the season, and, at the latter end of the Cambridgeshire match at the Oval, Sewell's bowling was "electrical."

Mortlock, the celebrated long-stop, notwithstanding he received many an ugly reminder on the sore spot, gamely stuck to his work, and played in eleven of the thirteen county matches, contributing therein close on 200 runs. As a natural consequence, this splitting his thumb up in May materially interfered with Mortlock's long-stopping the remainder of the season.

H. H. Stephenson has played in "all" the 1861 county matches, and played right well too, as evidenced by his 53 and 45 in the two University matches; his 35 against Cambridgeshire, and (when in bad health), his pluckily-played 42 at Mote Park; moreover the famous break back bowling had *nearly* got back to its old form again—to wit, his fine middle-stump bowling in the England match, that upset the wickets of such batsmen as Daft, Anderson, John Lillywhite, and George Parr; moreover, again H. H. S. never kept wicket better than he did in 1861.

Mr. F. P. Miller has, in most of the county matches, gone in late, in one instance, last man. Notwithstanding this, he has contributed 227 runs—and a fine display of hitting was his second innings of 39 in the North match. This gentleman's fielding has been as brilliant as ever; the generalship he exhibited in shifting and waiting on George Parr, at square-leg, at Nottingham, was quite a caution; and what a wonderful, magnificent catch of his was that at long-field at the Oval, in the North match.

Mudie has done the (Surrey) state good service. Primarily, they have found in him an efficient long-stop; secondly, his slow-bowling, "at times," tells; and his 45 against Kent, at Mote Park, proves there is some good hitting stuff in "the Surrey Shadow."

THE FEDERAL FORCE in the field is numbered at 362 000, the number furnished by each State being estimated as follows:—

Maine	12 000	Ohio	51 000
New Hampshire	8 000	Indiana	32 000
Vermont	7 000	Illinois	40 000
Massachusetts	28 000	Iowa	11 000
Rhode Island	4,000	Minnesota	3 000
Connecticut	10 000	Wisconsin	10 000
New York	78 000	Kansas	5,000
New Jersey	9 000		
Pennsylvania	54 000	Total	362 000

This does not include the troops in the District of Columbia, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Michigan, California, Oregon, and the Territories all of which have forces in the field, either raised by themselves or obtained from other States.

A KNOCK DOWN ARGUMENT FROM THE PULPIT.—At a village in the interior of the State of New York, a few weeks since, a man rushed into a hotel one evening, exclaiming, "If I could sell out my property, I would pull up stakes here and join Jeff. Davis' army!" A clergyman sitting very quietly in a corner of the room, asked, in a subdued tone of voice, "What did you say, sir?" The secesher repeated his remark, when the clergyman, rising, and coolly observing that he had never struck a blow for his country, but felt that it was about time to do so, knocked the rebel to the floor.

STOCK INCIDENTS OF FICTION.—Now observe! Here's a novelist has got his handsome, virtuous but low-born young man, desperately in love with his beautiful, virtuous, and high-born young woman. What is he to do? The affection is mutual. These two young people are admirably fitted for each other in all respects but this one of difference of rank. What is to remove this dreadful bar? The Earl is inexorable. "Dares the low-born catiff to aspire to the hand of my daughter—ah! What will become of society—ah!—when the insects in the dust—" and all that sort of thing. The Countess won't hear to it. "Disgracing your family, Amelia, in such a way. What will the world say? Think no more about it, my dear; the Count Paris dines here to-night." But the Count Paris will talk his small talk and display his many attractions to no purpose. Our novelist has all his regular remedies at hand. He considers what he shall take. "Fire," says our novelist. "Blazing rafters—falling beams—shrieking women—shouting men—engines dash up—firemen stand appalled—Orlando breaks through the crowd—plants a ladder—ascends—disappears in the smoke and flame—crowd waits in breathless silence—Orlando re-appears, bearing in his arms the Earl, the Countess, and Amelia—shouts rend the skies. "Or shall he try water?" says our novelist. "Water party—boat upset—Amelia precipitated into the foaming torrent—the wretched parents, with streaming eyes, entreat the company generally to go after her—the company generally decline—the Earl himself, an old man and feeble, but with a father's feeling strong within him, throws off his coat, and prepares to breast the flood, but he is held back by the Countess, and by the company generally, who prefer saving the parent on dry land, to taking the water to save the child—all hope seems past, when suddenly a figure is seen to spring from the opposite bank. Swiftly it cleaves the parting waves. Will he reach it in time? No—yes—no—yes! He does! He clasps her to his arms! She is saved! and by whom? Who is the happy man? Who? Orlando." Of course; our novelist sent him on purpose. And what can the Earl refuse him after such a service? 'Young man," says the Earl, "you have restored to me my daughter. The life that you have saved she shall dedicate to you. Take her, and bless you! Bless you both, my children!" Our novelist may wipe his pen in peace after that.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF RUNNING.—Those who find perfection among savage tribes, and regard civilization as a form of degeneracy, describing aboriginal barbarism as the original stock from which we all have sprung, will find additional arguments in the singularly fine physical endowments of the Red Indian, who has vanquished all English pedestrians in recent contests. The muscular strength, the perfect balance of venous and arterial circulation, the admirable combination of agility and fortitude with which this man is endowed, bring him near to an ideal of perfection in those important physical qualities. For speed, endurance, and pluck, he is unsurpassed by any of the champions of our advanced Teutonic, Celtic, and mixed societies. Here is the original man, if you will, or the degenerate man, as it may be, but at least the savage, who asserts triumphantly the splendid bodily powers which have been so often and alternately attributed and denied to him. It has been reported, on the one hand, that the strength, vivacity, and courage of the Indian tribes were unmatchable. We have often received proofs, on the other hand, that poltroonery, muscular debility, and physical imperfections were highly characterised in many of the race. We have been familiar with the sight of degraded, enfeebled, and sickly creatures, whose display had been usually cut short by premature disease, associated with uncontrolled appetite for strong drinks. This Seneca Indian redeems his nation in our eyes. The completion of twelve successive miles in little more than five minutes each mile, is a great feat of endurance and agility. It must be said, however, that the Indian had to be trained after the European fashion to bring him up to this pitch of excellence. The heart, lungs, and muscular apparatus must indeed be in perfect accord to lend themselves to efforts so extraordinary and so long sustained. The means by which this happy balance is perfected during training, may well form the subject of investigation by medical men, who have often direct interest in procuring similar improving changes in their patients. *Lancet.*

HATCHING YOUNG OSTRICHES.—Since the French occupation of Algeria, ostriches have been conveyed thence to France in great numbers; but, until the instance now to be recorded, a brood had never been produced in France. The attempt had been frequently made to do so in the Zoological Gardens of Marseilles, but as frequently failed. The director selected a sandy plain situated between the sea and the mountains, which form the south east of the Gulf of Marseilles. There a large secluded valley was fixed upon, sufficiently wooded to afford shelter, without intercepting the sunshine necessary for quickening the eggs. After having enclosed a space 600 metres long by 500 wide, the birds were conveyed to their hatching-ground on March 2d of this year. For a few days the birds seemed to regard their new quarters with suspicion, and ran anxiously about. Soon, however, they settled themselves and began laying. Their nest was at first a simple excavation in the sand, in the form of a truncated cone. Gradually the borders of the hole were heightened by accumulations of more sand. At this the male and female worked alternately. A few hours after the completion of the nest, laying began, and was continued every alternate day, until, by the 20th of April, 15 eggs had been deposited. Up to this time the hen guarded the nest a few hours before and after incubation, sometimes for a whole day. After April 20th, however, the male bird commenced taking his spell of watching, the lady only seeing to the household, during periods when her master was temporarily absent from home. All seemed to go on satisfactorily. According to observations made by M. Hardy, at Algiers, the time of incubation should be from 50 to 60 days. Knowing this, M. Suquent was surprised when, on July 3d, intelligence came that the first young ostrich had opened his eyes to sunshine on French soil. By the evening eleven had been hatched. They went on growing rapidly, so that by the 8th of August they were as big as young turkeys.

MUSIC AN AMUSEMENT OF THE HOME.—What shall the amusement of the home be? Where there is the ability and taste, I regard music—as combining the happiest proportions, instruction and pleasure—as standing at the head of home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift? How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano—how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm? In other days, in how many village homes the father's voice led the domestic harmony, and sons with the clarionet, or flute, or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling in the intervals of sound, made a joyful noise! There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation the great, the universal boon and comforter. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city, an angel's benizon upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, a sister, wife—say, is it not a ministrant of love to child, to man—a household deity, now meeting our moods, answering to our needs, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now stooping to our lower wants, the very frolic of our soul reverberating from its keys? The home that has a piano—what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it? Alas! that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show.

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CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Nov. 11, 1861.

Another week opens upon us, and the same success is to be recorded of the past. Theatres, music halls, and saloons of minstrelsy, all seem to thrive, and their managers strut their brief hour with more than usual pomposity and authority. The war does not interfere so materially now with our places of public amusement, as it did when the first gun directed at Fort Sumter by the Charleston traitors awoke the people to a realising sense of bloody scenes to be enacted on the stage of real life, and called upon them to prepare for the coming conflict. The staunch old Empire City, at that time gave up every other consideration, and set herself to the task of raising men and money to crush out this inhuman rebellion. Nobly has she responded in defence of the Union, and now calmly awaits the result of her efforts. There is less excitement now than formerly—and the mimic stage is not deserted as it was a few months since. Night after night our places of amusement are filled with promiscuous gatherings of the people, seeking amusement, and dispensing their dollars. New York is all alive. The theatre, the circus, the singing and dancing shop, are all doing well, paying expenses, and laying by a dollar or two in the old stocking, for a rainy day. Actors and actresses from almost every part of the habitable globe are here; some engaged, some waiting for an opening, and others again, living in clover off the proceeds of other days gone by. Those engaged, and attending to their biz, look as serene as a May morning; those left out in the cold give evidence of a gloom as deep as that which now eushrouds the "Great Southern Confederacy." But the player folk are not a people to give up in despair when an unlucky season attends them. They know that there is a time for all things, and that the outs may in turn soon be the ins, and the present its not far hence take an outside position. Generally speaking, however, the "actor people" are doing much better than was counted upon in the spring; and when the rebellion shall have been crushed in the folds of the giant now encircling it, once more will the dawn of great prosperity break upon all, and there will be very few left without employment of some sort.

Contrary to expectation, J. S Clarke's brief season at the Winter Garden has been quite successful; attributable, no doubt, to the production of the Octoroon, which seems to have lost none of its relish from its being shelved awhile. In fact, it seems to have been received with greater favor than that which attended its first production here under the Bourcicault *regime*. Then, we were careful not to give any offence to the Southerners, and some objections was made to such plays as the Octoroon school. Now, the case appears to be different. The South has shut itself out from all sympathy by her dastardly conduct, and people care very little whether she is offended or not. So the Octoroon, the "yaller gal," was revived, and the theatre goers turned out in strength to give it their support, and show to the South that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and that "slavery must take care of itself." Excellent houses have been the rule at the Winter Garden ever since the Octoroon was put on, and were it not that an engagement entered into some time since calls Mr Clarke to Philadelphia, it would continue to draw exceedingly well. On Thursday evening the house was comfortably full. The musical accompaniments were judiciously rendered, and in the overture, a solo on the violin, introducing "Kathleen Mavourneen," by Mollenhauer, the leader of the orchestra, was encored three times. Mr. Clarke's benefit took place on the 8th inst., on which occasion a very strong bill was offered, consisting of the "Toodles," and the "Octoroon." The house was crowded, and the bill, in consequence, was repeated on the following evening, the 9th, which terminated Mr. Clarke's engagement. He appears this evening at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. At the Winter Garden he is succeeded by Miss Julia Daly, who recently returned from her trip to England. She introduces us to her "Female American Cousin," of which she gave us a taste a couple of years since, and in which she created so favorable an impression. The Octoroon is also to be continued, Dolly Davenport taking the part of Salem Scudder.

No change at Wallack's new theatre. The "King of the Mountain" is now in its fifth week, and is drawing fair houses. It is surprising to us that such a piece should hold the stage for this length of time. We opine there must be a good deal of "paper" in circulation to keep this play in countenance, for it has not merit sufficient to warrant the good attendance to be seen at Wallack's.

Laura Keene hangs on to the skirts of the "Seven Sons." This is another trashy piece, which owes its success to the scenic effects and tableaux introduced in it. Like the "King of the Mountains," the "Seven Sons" is an evidence of the great change in the tastes of our theatre goers. Nothing of a really legitimate character is offered now, for the sensation drama is the only school that is appreciated. What the people desire, managers are always ready to provide, so long as the "cussed thing" pays.

Barnum always has something new in the curiosity line. In addition to the living hippopotamus, he has now a living Elephant Turtle, weighing 500 pounds. The great showman once got up an exhibition of infantile babies; and it is now hinted that he has it in contemplation to give us a show of dogs, embracing all sorts and sizes. Ladies, children, and pious families will be enabled to look upon the curs without fear of being bitten.

The dark drama flourishes beautifully. Bryants' hall of minstrelsy is crowded nightly, be the weather fair or foul. Hooley's company at Stuyvesant Institute, are also doing very well, giving a very fine entertainment each evening. They are both good troupes, and well managed. Hooley, as we predicted, has made his mark in Broadway by hoisting a blazing gas sign, which illuminates the surrounding "country."

Broadway Music hall is coming into favor, and is attended by very respectable appearing audiences. A matinee is given every Saturday afternoon for the convenience of ladies and children.

That money-making place, 444 Broadway, is making capital for its proprietor, and amusement for its patrons. There is a great variety given, and some very pretty girls belong to the list of performers. Mr. Butler, we presume, will conduct his Olympic, in Philadelphia, on the same plan as that which has made "444" so popular. He gives a clever entertainment, at very cheap rates, and crowds always flock to his little hall.

The Alleghanians are still here, giving cheap concerts, the fee being 25 cents for each admission.

Niblo's Garden remains closed. The great dry goods man who owns this establishment is not making much by asking such a high rent for his theatre. We guess he understands more about muslins and silks than about the show business.

During the past week, Manager Stickney has met with a great loss. His charming daughter, Sallie (announced on the bills as Md'lle Heloise), was married on the morning of the 7th, to Md'lle Ella Zoyara, known to a few as Omar, but whose right name is Samuel Yale. At last his (her) true sex has been discovered. The happy couple immediately withdrew from the above establishment and left for parts unknown. Madame Rumor, with her thousand tongues, has been very busy during the week as to the cause of Sallie leaving her father thus abruptly, but we refrain from publishing any of them. Now that the "beautiful and accomplished" Zoyara has left us, cannot another young man be found to be advertised as a dashing equestrienne? A few years ago, while down South, we saw Mr. Garry Dermott riding a female act at Madigan's Circus, in Mobile, and he made a very good looking gal. Can it be tried on again?

One evening last week, we dropped into the New Bowery, to see the new "fixins," alterations, etc., that have been made there, which, in a word, may be pronounced a "decided improvement." How the boys who used to frequent the pit will like their promotion to gods, and their change of quarters to a more heavenward region, remains to be proved; but the changing of the pit into a parquet, it is thought, will prove agreeable to the adult portion of the audiences. Gayler's new national drama of "Hatteras Inlet," was performed on the occasion in question, and in reference to its merits, the popular exclamation "can't see it," must be our verdict. To be sure, anything of a national character will draw for a time, and in that, in our opinion, lies its chief attraction.

The "Laura Keene Waltz," a recent composition of Mr. Thos. Baker's, the leader of the orchestra at Laura Keene's Theatre, where it is being played nightly, promises to be popular, as it is frequently encored. It is about to be published by one of our first class music publishers.

Jerome B Cheeseborough, an actor who travelled as a "star" through the west, some twelve years ago, died in this city recently, after a protracted and painful illness.

Mr. Hoym, of the Stadt Theatre, an agreeable gentleman, and an excellent actor of the German school, holds the rank of Captain in the 20th Regt. N. Y. S. V. We hope his patriotism may not go unrewarded.

At the Canterbury Music Hall, the "Magic Laurel" is still the principal attraction, and well it does its work, as it draws thither audiences both respectable and numerous. Another novelty is to be produced on the 15th. "Dora Dawron" bids adieu to the *habitues* of this house after the present week. Mme. and Mons. Montanari, duet singers, make their first appearance to-night.

National Music Hall, late National Theatre, Chatham street. This establishment is now under a thorough course of renovation, the pit having been converted into a parquet. It will be opened as a concert saloon on the 16th inst., under the management of Fox & Curran, of the Canterbury. The following is a list of the company so far engaged:—Chas. Fox, Robert Hart, W. Budworth, Ashton, Rogers, R. Watkins, R. Abecco, W. Smith, C. Constantine, Misses Adelaide Price, Augusta Walby, Adelaide Johnson, Signoritas Marianna, Rosalie and Caroline. James Conner is to be stage manager, we understand, and Joseph Braham leader of orchestra.

Mr. John Jones, at one time a highly popular tenor singer, and for many years connected with the Park Theatre, died in this city on Saturday 2d inst, aged 68 years. He was an Englishman, and came to this country with Miss Povey, about 1834–35. He possessed a remarkably sweet voice, and his style of singing was very much like that of Braham. We believe he was the original Prince in the "Cinderella" produced at the Park, by the public spirit of Manager Simpson. Mr. Jones had been for some years a professor of singing in some of the Eastern States, but resided in this city for a few years previous to his death, which was sudden, although he had been ailing for some time. The deceased was the recipient of an annuity from the Dramatic Benevolent Association, and no relative or intimate friend being at hand, his remains were, on Sunday, deposited in their burying ground at Cypress Hills', the funeral being attended by several members of the theatrical profession. The public administrator has charge of the property left by this talented, but unassuming actor.

The Philharmonic Society of this city gave its eightieth concert on Saturday evening, 9th inst, being the first of its twentieth season, at Irving Hall, the equally nature of the times rendering it unadvisable to have the equalling done at the Academy of Music. Miss Abby Fay was the vocalist of the occasion, and acquitted herself well. S. B Mills, pianist, executed several difficult passages with taste.

The World Dramatic Association, gave their second performance at Dramatic Hall, on the 9th inst, on which occasion the comedy of "Faint Heart" and the drama of "The Golden Farmer," were produced with a variety of singing and dancing interspersed. At another time we will notice this club at greater length.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Success still crowns the efforts of Manager Boardwell, at Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn. Fun and merriment abound there, among the thousand and one other good things set down on the programme.

The favor with which the Bohemian Glass Blowers were received at Musical Hall, Brooklyn, continues unabated, inducing them to defer indefinitely their departure from the city of churches. The articles distributed among the auditors are of an elegant description. At their matinee on Saturday afternoon the juveniles among the audience were electrified by each receiving a handsome specimen of glass work. On Monday evening the company gave, at the close of their exhibition, a sociable hop, thus rendering still more attractive their popular entertainments.

The new Concert Hall in the Odeon, Williamsburgh, is doing a moderate business, notwithstanding the ticklish times. The company engaged at the Odeon comprises some very fair performers, among them Dick Parker, of whom it is said, General Wool, "or any other man," would receive him at once as a runaway "contraband." Miss Le Folle, a gay danseuse; Joe Childs, the clog dancer; Little Ella, and Frank Pell. Sentimental ballads are acceptably rendered by D. W. Collins, the stage manager. They need a good comic singer at this house; also, a little more crinoline on the stage—there is plenty of it on the floor of the hall.

Wray, the necromancer, banjo player, &c., has assumed control of the Melodeon Music Hall, Baltimore. Himself and Miss Louisa Payne are the attractions.

Olympic Music Hall, Philadelphia, was opened under the direction of Mr. Robert Butler, of New York, on the 7th inst, the house being crowded in every part. The "Olympic" was formerly known as J. E McDonough's Olympic Theatre, but failed as a dramatic temple. It is a neat little place, something in the style of 444 Broadway, although more tastily decorated. It has a parquet, with cushioned seats, admission to which is 20 cents; and one circle, or gallery, at 10 cents admission. It has also some very pretty stage boxes, entrance to which may be had upon the payment of a fee of 50 cents. It has a good depth of stage for a small place, and is very well adapted for the cheap concert business. The company performing there last week, comprised Tony Pastor, the well-known Orrin Family of acrobats and gymnasts, Tim Norton, Denny Gallagher, L. Simmons, Billy Allen, Mons. Velarde, Paul Brilliant, Misses Mary Colson, Kate Frances, Julia Christine, Lizzie Roberts, and others. The various performers were well received on the opening night, Tony Pastor, however, carrying off the honors. Mr. James Pilgrim is the stage manager, and his selections thus far have been of a very interesting and varied character. The attendance on the second night was not equal to that of the first, but there was a good house, and on Saturday evening the place was again filled. Velarde met with a very warm reception on the 8th, that being his opening night. Tim Norton is in bad health, and feels the effects of much exertion; he takes very well at the Olympic.

Tom King's National Circus, located on the old theatre lot, Washington, has been doing, it is said, a splendid business during the past week, at 50 and 75 cents admission. Dan Gardner is clown. Ella Zoyara is announced to appear this week.

Mr. George Percival, of the Baltimore Museum, has leased the Assembly Rooms, Washington, and is putting them into proper order for a temple of amusement. It will hereafter be known as Canterbury Hall. Mr. Chas. Getz, scenic artist, has been secured, and the scenes will be *bijou chef d'œuvres* of his skill.

Dan Rice, with his equestrian company, opens the old National Theatre, Cincinnati, this (Monday) evening.

A war on paper between James M Nixon and the Boston critics, in reference to Forrest's performances, etc., is likely to result in a legal war it would seem, as it is stated that Messrs. J H. & F. F. Farwell have been sued for a libel, contained in a theatre bill printed by them, and held in $5000 damages. Mr. Nixon, the manager of the Academy of Music, has also been sued for similar damages for publishing the libel. This "pitching in" in the courts will make some one pay dear for his whistle, we opine.

We hear that Alexandre Dumas, the younger, lies dangerously and almost hopelessly ill, in Paris. His malady is said to be not only bodily but mental.

Robinson & Lake's circus and menagerie was at Orleans and Salem, Ind., on the 7th and 8th inst.

At one of the minor theatres of Vienna, crowded houses are drawn by "A Voyage Around the World," to which the late circumnavigation of the Novara has furnished its chief materials. The drop-scene on this occasion is a large map of the world on Mercator's projection, and the scenery, copied from sketches taken on the spot, is justly admired. A virgin forest in New Zealand, in which one of the natives imported by Dr. Hochstetter is introduced, must be regarded as a triumph of scenic painting.

Miss Bateman commenced a brief engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., on the 4th inst., opening in her mother's tragedy of "Geraldine."

Mr. Oxenford, in conjunction with Mr. Dion Boucicault, is at work on the plot of an opera to be composed by Mr. Benedict, the subject being "The Colleen Bawn." The opera is intended for the Pyne & Harrison Company.

Mr. Couldock ended a very successful engagement at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 2d inst., appearing, for his benefit on the 1st inst., in the French drama of "The Advocate's Last Cause."

Gluck's opera of "Alceste" was soon to be brought out at the Grand Opera, in Paris. It is said that an electric metronome, used by Berlioz, at his monster concerts, will be employed.

Chas. Pickert, of Oswego, N. Y., is having painted a panorama of the present war, from sketches taken on the spot by good artists. It will be brought before the public in about two weeks. Mr. Pickert has never been in the show business, but he has begun right, by securing two of the best artists in America to paint his panorama. Wm. Wentworth is painting the figures and portraits of all the leading officers of both armies; and the scenery is being executed by Wm. B. Adams, the famous scenic and freeoe painter of Boston.

Negotiations are now on foot about a series of German performances in London during the Great Exhibition in 1862, and several of the best artists are spoken of as secured for that occasion.

Jas. G. Clark, the poet vocalist, has enlisted for the war, and has received a Lieutenantcy, and is now travelling in the vicinity of Watertown, N. Y., in company with Geo. W. Bungay, getting money and clothes for his regiment—the 35th.

Le Grand Cushman and Miss Bennett are in the vicinity of Oswego, N. Y., singing, acting, and reading, to good houses. It's worth a quarter to see Cushman's whiskers, as they are said to be thirty-three inches long.

Advices from Berlin state that Meyerbeer was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed to Kœnigsberg for the coronation.

Another unfortunate. Mike Dougherty, an "actor man" at Denver City, Col. Ter., has committed the rash act of matrimony with Miss Lucinda M. Converse. Poor fellow! we condole with him in his bereavement, but we can't shed a tear.

Mr. Robson, a good comedian, and manager of the Olympic, London, was reported dangerously ill by recent advices.

John Brougham and George Jordan are said to have made a big hit in London, in "Playing With Fire." George made a very bad affair of it in attempting to play with secession fire in New Orleans. The Union fire proved so hot, that he was compelled to leave the country.

M'lle. Patti and the Sisters Marchisio, are to sing in Italian opera at Berlin during the winter.

Sam Cowell's American reputation, achieved principally at the New York Canterbury, is helping him along bravely at the Canterbury, London, where he is drawing big houses. His Billy Barlow takes well with the Londoners; he introduced Bull's Run, but the people did not appreciate the bull or his bellowing, on this point, so Samuel had to let Bull Run slide.

Before Blondin returns to America, he is engaged to walk his rope in nearly every large town in Europe.

It is rumored that Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, who have met with so much success in Liverpool, are to open soon in London.

The Christy's Minstrels are still on their provincial tour through Great Britain. Their new burlesques take well, and "Billy Patterson" is becoming quite a favorite. The Female Christys are also on the tramp, and it is said of them that the good houses they draw is owing to the fact that they represent themselves as the wives of the real Christys! Can such things be, and overcome us, etc., or is it a libel on the fair wenches that they come over the people in such a "clandestine" manner?

The Royal English Opera Company commenced their winter season in London on the 21st ult. They opened with a new opera, "Ruy Blas," by Howard Glover, the principal characters by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison.

Cool White has again joined Sanford's Opera Troupe, in Philadelphia.

The performances of Mr. H. L. Davenport, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., at the Continental, Philadelphia, last week, were attended by large audiences.

Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, continues to be the resort of the lovers of fun of that city. Cool White having resumed the position of stage manager. The troupe has been rent in twain, one half staying at the "Old House at Home," while the other half has gone on a travelling tour with Manager Sanford, who is the proprietor of both sections. The company at the house, comprises Cool White, J. Glenn, Frank Moran, F. Willmarth, J. A. Palmer, W. Shackleton, H. Dougherty, etc. The "peaceful division" of the company is considered a wise step, as it increases the area from which they can gather their crops (of dimes). It is to hoped that the harvest will be abundant.

Lloyd, of minstrel notoriety, has, we are informed, emigrated to Secessia. His taking off is, we presume, but "a new way to pay old debts," so much in vogue now with the Southrons, viz: repudiation. Birds of a feather flock together. If Lloyd is not careful, his show will be, as Artemus Ward would say, "confisticated by Floyd."

Morris' Minstrels were in Syracuse, N. Y. on the 31st ult.

Ossian E Dodge and Wm. Hayward sang in Syracuse on the 1st and 2d inst.

The Campbell Minstrels are in their thirteenth week at Washington, D. C., and the report is "business good." They have brought out a new act, called "The Chinese Junk." Sam Gaylord appears nightly in his original stump speech, and Charley Dupont and Frank Wyant do the "funny."

We have news from "Veritas," of Cincinnati, dated Nov. 1st. He says:—This week, at Wood's Theatre, we have a new candidate for public favor. Miss Ettie Henderson made her first appearance last Monday night in the Daughter of the Regiment. On Wednesday night was produced "The Patriot's Dream." The business continues to be good..... Prof. Anderson opened at Pike's Opera House Monday night to a crowded house. During the week business fell off, but is still fair..... The National Theatre opens Monday, Nov. 10th, with Dan Rice's Circus. There is some talk of bringing the Louisville Dramatic Company here, to unite with the circus company. It will be hardly possible for three theatres to live here.

On the 1st and 2d inst. the Peak Family Swiss Bell Ringers, performed at Howard Hall, Providence, R. I. Among the principal attractions were Masters Eddie and Frank, and Misses Lizette and Annie. The first evening they had an excellent house, and on Saturday afternoon, notwithstanding the weather, which was anything but pleasant, upwards of $60 were taken.

George Southworth, the well known agent, formerly for Mrs. Eloise Bridges, has retired from the show business, and is now located in Adrian, Mich., at the Bracket House, as superintendent.

Wolcot and Soper's Union Show has changed hands at Adrian, Mich. Henry Hart is now the proprietor.

Madame Grisi, as previously noted in the CLIPPER, has commenced a series of farewell performances in England. Before taking her final leave of the London public, she wrote the following letter:—Having made my last appearance in London, I have determined to bring my professional career to a close by a final visit to the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland. In doing so, I believe I am acting consistently, and endeavoring to show how deeply I have treasured the welcome that for many years has been so lavishly bestowed upon me in this country. There is something inexpressibly affecting to me in addressing the word "farewell" to an English audience; for that farewell is an adieu—and for ever—to the land of my adoption as an *artiste*; to the land in which have been centered all my hopes; in which have been realized my brightest wishes. It is a farewell to a career which, by unexampled generosity and unparalleled kindness, has far surpassed my expectations and exceeded my deserts. To say adieu, therefore, to this country, inspires me with the deepest regret. That this regret is shared by the English public I venture to believe; for to think otherwise would be to do violence to a support that has never failed me—to a partiality on which I have had but too often to depend. It is this consciousness that mitigates the pain inseparable from such an occasion, and that will always be a source of pleasure to me in my retirement; enhancing the remembrance of those countless acts of favor for which the thousands who have bestowed them will have the heartfelt gratitude of GIULIA GRISI.

Our correspondent "Seneca" writing from St. Louis, under date of Nov. 8th, says—FRIEND QUEEN—Biding the issue of the pending conflict in the southwestern part of our State, we have settled down into a chronic state of expectancy, and pursue our customary courses of business and pleasure in an apathetic sort of way, thirsting for our wonted meed of stirring news. Our places of amusement, however, do not share in the general apathy; one and all are putting forth every exertion to merit and receive a fair share of patronage, and are succeeding remarkably well in the latter respect.....Miss Adah Isaacs Menken has proved, as predicted, a winning card for the St. Louis Theatre, having drawn excellent houses so far, and being the recipient, last night, of a rousing benefit. She is to be succeeded by Mr. Hackett, who commences on Monday, the 11th inst.....The music halls are doing well, the Canterbury still in the van as to attraction and audiences, though the Melodeon and Bowery do their share, and on the whole, professionals have no reason to complain in this city.

B. R. Maginley, of the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, takes exceptions to the recent statement of "Young Rapid," that the company and business is not good, which, he says is quite the contrary in both respects, and sends us a list of the artists engaged there to controvert the statement in reference to the former, which we here give. W. H. Riley, leading business and stage manager; S. M Irwin, juvenile; T. S. Holland, character; A. D Bradley, old man; Harry Hawk, low comedy; F. Roche, light comedy; M Golden, heavy business; A. N. Sharpe, low comed

gance," and it further states that "it is like the realised vision of a nightmare that has been brought on by heavy suppers and constant attendance at the theatres during the Pantomime Season. Acted with great spirit by all engaged, and the performers, by their bold treatment of the absurdity, disarming the gravity of the audience, there is no time for serious reflection, and when there is, the curtain has fallen, and the perpetrators are beyond reproof. Mr. John Brougham rattled through some smart songs, and gave some close imitations of leading tragedians".....'The Coolen Drawn," a burlesque on "The Colleen Bawn," has made a hit at the Surrey.....Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews closed their engagement at the Haymarket with a benefit, on October 27th.....Mr. and Mrs. Florence were doing a good business at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The songs "Bobbing Around," and "My Mary Ann," by Mrs. Florence, were considered as fresh as ever.....A serious misfortune has lately happened to Mr. V. Moffat, a gentleman universally known and respected throughout the equestrian and dramatic professions, in the death of his highly trained Quagga, an animal over the education of which he has expended a vast amount of care and labor, and whose value to its proprietor can better be appreciated when it is stated that, a few weeks back, the sum of £200 was offered for it, and refused. Amongst the many feats performed by this extraordinary animal may be mentioned the fact, that she and her late master have travelled together, by sea, rail, and road, upwards of 120,000 miles. That it has thrown, on an average, two persons a day in the course of performance, and, on many occasions, has trotted, in harness, the distance of a mile under 4 min. of time. It may not be generally known that the late Miss Zella Gale, whose lamentable death from fire occurred at the theatre in Philadelphia, was an apprentice of Mr. Moffat's, and was regarded by him as a daughter. The quagga was a pet of this unfortunate young lady's, and their deaths occurred exactly within a month of each other.....J. Anderson has been fulfilling a brief engagement at Bristol, as Hamlet, and characters of that class.....Mrs. Howard Paul gave a farewell concert at Birmingham on the 26th ult.....Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean gave the inaugural performances at the theatre (late St. George's Hall), Bradford, in the "Wife's Secret."....Jenny Lind is to take part in concerts to be given at Aberdeen on the 15th and 16th inst. .....Barry Sullivan was the latest "star" at Blackburn, appearing in a round of principal characters, such as Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, etc.....Mr. and Mrs. Conway have been the most recent stars at Belfast. As a steady, good actor, of judgment and experience, Mr. Conway was appreciated by his auditory, and in the lady they at once recognised a gifted *artiste* of the truly legitimate Ellen Tree school, well accomplished, too, and, although young, easy and self possessed in business.....G. V. Brooke's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, has terminated. On the 19th ult., he made a speech, thanking the audience for giving him "such a true Irish welcome." He was to make his first appearance at Drury Lane, London, as Othello, on the 28th ult. The Florences were soon to take his place at Dublin.....Messrs. Howes and Cushing were making arrangements for a three months "settlement" at Dundee.....Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton were to appear on the 28th and 29th ult., at Odd Fellows Hall, Halifax, and the Christy Minstrels are to give two concerts there this month. .....Henry Lorraine was starring at the Princess, Leeds .....The Florences have been sufficiently successful at Manchester, to induce them to prolong their stay a fortnight.....Jacobs, the Wizard, and his goblin Sprightly, opens his "Temple of Magic" at Worcester, for two nights some time during the present month.

The home of the "Immortal Bard" was almost brought to the hammer recently, and the property only just saved, perhaps, from the clutches of some unappreciative Vandal. As everything and anything in connection with the history of Shakespeare's old homestead is at all times interesting, we append the particulars as given by the *Era's* 'own correspondent":—

"Stratford-upon-Avon, Friday Night, Oct. 25.—This will be a glorious day in Shakespearean annals, for "New Place" has been saved from the auctioneer's hammer, and the last earthly resting place of the Divine Poet will be preserved for the public. It is now some months since it was announced that 'New Place,' in Chapel street, was for sale; and of all days in the year, the public anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was selected for the sale. Fortunately, the rapacity of the mortgagee, who was selling under a power of sale, defeated his object. He put £1,800 as the reserved price, and there was only one *bona fide* bid of £1,000. A few weeks since there came again the startling announcement that 'New Place' was to be sold by auction. Here is the hand-bill as a curiosity to be added to the future relics of Shakespeare:—

'Peremptory sale of New Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.—This valuable Freehold Property will be Sold by Auction, by Mr. John Gibbs, at the Red Horse Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, on Friday, October 25th, 1861, at six o'clock in the evening (by direction of the Mortgagee under a power of sale), and subject to conditions to be then produced. The House and Premises are situate in Chapel street, in the Borough of Stratford-upon-Avon, with a frontage of eighty-four feet in Chapel street, and 214 feet in Chapel lane, and consist of dining and drawing rooms, entrance hall, surgeries, seven bed rooms, three dressing rooms, bath room, water closet, kitchens, good cellars, and all necessary out-offices, with extensive pleasure and kitchen gardens, aviary, coach house, three stall stable, piggeries, &c. The above forms a convenient and highly desirable residence for a private family, or a professional gentleman, and also presents an unusual opportunity for capitalists, builders, and others, on account of its extensive frontage in the centre of the town. To view the premises, apply to Mr. B. Rice, Surgeon: and for further particulars to Mr. W. J. Hobbes, solicitor; or to the Auctioneer, all of Stratford-upon-Avon.'

"The despair with which the Shakespeareians received the announcement of the auction was augmented by the recollection of the great difficulties which attended the preservation of the birth-place in Henley street, but there were three devoted admirers of the Bard of Avon, who, unknown to each other, resolved that no architect's rule should measure Shakespeare's garden, with a view to cut it up into building land. One of the three came at once before the public with an appeal for subscriptions to buy in the property at the reduced price asked by the vendor, namely, £1,500. Mr. Halliwell, the Shakespearean editor, was the one who threw himself into the breach. Responses to the extent of £700 having reached him, he came to the resolution to risk the remainder and secure the 'New Place' by private contract. In the meanwhile Mr. E. T. Smith, the Lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, had his eye on the estate, with an equal determination that the public should not be deprived of this grand relic of a past glory, the illustration not only of his own country, but of the whole world wherein civilization has penetrated. Mr. Smith was, consequently, also in the field; but there was still another Shakespearean enthusiast—Mr. Gruneisen, the Secretary of the Conservative Land Society, through the instrumentality of which, he conceived New Place could be kept for the nation. Mr. E. T. Smith and Mr. Gruneisen arrived at the 'Red Horse' last night, and at a late hour ascertained that no sale was to take place. This morning the following handbill confirmed the good news:—

'New Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.—Notice is hereby given, that the whole of the above property having been disposed of by private contract, no sale by auction will take place. W. J. Hobbes, Vendor's solicitor, Stratford-upon-Avon, 22d October, 1861.'

"An interview with Mr. Hobbes soon explained that Mr. Halliwell had signed, the day before yesterday, an agreement to buy 'New Place' for the sum of £1,400; that he had arranged with the Corporation to convey the garden in perpetuity to the town, on the condition that it was never to be built upon, and that it should be open to the public free. At the Birthplace, an entrance fee of sixpence each person is demanded. Mr. Halliwell, Mr. E. T. Smith, and Mr. Gruneisen met in the garden of 'New Place' this morning, and the two latter warmly congratulated the Editor of Shakespeare on his well-merited success. Mr. E. T. Smith stated that his intention was to have appealed, through Shakespearean performances with the leading actors of the day, to the public, to raise sufficient funds to found a Shakespearean College, wherein the student for the Stage could read under an experienced resident professor, the custodian of the locality of the poet, and thus prepare himself to be the future exponent on metropolitan boards. Mr. Smith thought that an edifice of glass and iron could be erected, with little cost, on the site of the present modern house. Mr. Halliwell, whilst he approved the notion of the Drury-lane Manager, stated that he had promised to give over the custody of the property to the Mayor and Corporation for the time being, who could, of course, except the building on the garden ground, extend his views on the Shakespearean development. Thus has ended this much mooted question for the present. There has been great excitement here during its progress, but now a brighter future than ever dawns upon this town. The railroad via Hatton and Leamington, is open, and will secure myriads of visitors who never could afford the expense of the ride from Warwick by coach. The Henley street birthplace is the Chapel street home of the Poet, the church with the bust will be the prominent features of interest, but superadded are the haunts of the poet, the scene of his early love, the walks on the sweet flowing Avon. Now, if Charles Kean, Brooke, Booth, Phelps, Fechter, Miss Glyn, and other distinguished Shakespearean artists would but agree for a simultaneous demonstration within the walls of Old Drury, a fund might be created to free the birthplace from its entrance fee and enable the Mayor and Corporation to deal with 'New Place' in a manner worthy of the nation which produced the Master Poet of the World."

Mr. Joseph Proctor's brief engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, terminated on the 9th inst. His performances were witnessed by large audiences, and the week's business were very encouraging. Mr. J. S. Clarke, comedian, who has just closed a fine engagement in New York, succeeds Mr. Proctor, opening this evening 9th inst., and gives a rattling programme, appearing as Toodles, Cousin Joe, and the Rough Diamond. Such a bill ought to draw, surely.

Mrs. Matt Peel's Campbell Minstrels closed at the Melodeon, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 7th inst., the performance being for the benefit of the Cleveland Soldiers' Aid Society. Mr Gustave Bidaux, primo baritone, attached to the troupe, proved a great card.

"Eudora, the False Princess," dramatized from a *Ledger* story by H. F. Stone, is being performed this week at Providence, R. I., and is to be followed by the "Angel of Midnight." The business there has been profitable to Manager Myers, and to the comedian—S. W. Glean, who has been performing there for a week past. Miss Minnie Jackson, who, we are sorry to learn, has been sick for some three weeks has recovered sufficiently to resume her position. We hope her providential recovery will be properly appreciated by the people of Providence and that they will provide for her accordingly.

Prof. Harrington, the Boston Ventriloquist, has finished his tour in Vermont satisfactorily to himself, and now invades New Hampshire. He was at Keene on the 8th and 9th, and will be at Smyth's Hall, Manchester, on the 28th inst. He will visit Charlestown, Mass., on Nov 21st (Thanksgiving) to amuse the people, and discuss the Turkey question *a la* Napoleon.

Following out our rule of "fair play," we publish with pleasure the annexed defence of Mr. Lamb, in reference to the "secesh" principles with which he was charged. He "defines his position" as follows:—Montreal, Nov. 7, 1861.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*:—In my last letter to you I asked for proofs of the accusation brought against me, that during my last season's engagement at Richmond, Va., I had shown unmistakeable signs of secession principles. Your answer has been so straightforward and frank, that I have no hesitation in replying to it at once. In the first place, I state positively, that the election inspector who averred that I voted for the election of secession delegates, was in error. I state on my honor that I never voted on that or any other occasion in the State of Virginia. If this be not sufficient, allow me to say that having only been some four or five months in the state, any votes registered by me, would have been illegal. Now is it likely that I would risk the consequences of such an act where I had nothing to gain, and only commit myself to a public on whom I looked for support. In conclusion, I reiterate what I expressed in my former letter, that I cannot call to mind a single word, ever uttered by me, that the most loyal Union man or rabid secessionist could torture into an expression of disloyalty to our great and glorious Union.

Yours, truly, E. LAMB.

Miss Lucille Western is still "the beautiful star," at the Holliday, Baltimore. She has become a great favorite with the Baltimoreans. This week she appears in Madame Celeste's great drama of the "Wizard Skiff." She remains three weeks longer. Connected with the Holliday is a young lady named Ashton, of great personal attractions, highly educated, and said to possess a decided histrionic talent. She has appeared in public but for three weeks.

The first week of the engagement of Mr. E. L. Davenport, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., proved very successful, the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, being filled each night. They will continue there during the present week, appearing on the 11th in Richard III, 12th, Douglas; then Rob Roy, Shylock, etc. With this glorious trio of tragic performers at the Continental, and J. S. Clarke, the comedian, at the Walnut, there will be a lively competition.

Geo. Kunkle's Nightingale Minstrels, at the Museum, Baltimore, have, for the past seven weeks, been doing a good business. During the past week they have given, in excellent style, Norma travestied, with the greater portion of the original music. "Happy Uncle" Frank Brower is at the Museum.

At the Arch Street Theatre, a burlesque on Shylock is to be offered this evening, with Frank Drew as the avaricious Jew, and Mrs. C. Henri as Portia. The "House on the Bridge of Notre Dame" enters upon its third week.

On Monday (4th) Sam Sandford opened at the new assembly rooms, Baltimore, to a fair house.

The circus under the management of Tom King is doing well at Washington, D. C.

Frank Herrmann, the Prestidigitateur, will shortly give a series of entertainments in Baltimore.

The Parisians not quite comprehending the title of Bourcicault's "Colleen Bawn," have come to the conclusion to call it M'lle Colline La Bonne (the Wet Nurse).

On Thursday (7th), the Continental Opera House, Baltimore, closed its regular season. On the 15th, it will open with a company hailing from New York, including Billy Pierce and Sallie Bishop.

At the Philadelphia Melodeon, some additions have been made to the company. On the evening of the 7th inst., there was a conundrum contest for goblets. The author of the following took the silver goblet:—'Why was Colonel Edward D. Baker virtually dead and buried before the battle at Edwards' Ferry?' "Because he was under the Banks of the Potomac and a Stone was put over him." Very good, indeed. The tin goblet for the worst conundrum went to the brilliant author of the following:—"Why is a horse like a chair?" "Because it has four legs." We can beat the last one. Why is the ocean like the Philadelphia Melodeon? Because it takes Rivers to keep it a goin. Ketch dat feller wid de tin goblet and send it along this way.

George Jordan has had a fight in London with Harry Watkins, the actor, who twitted him on the subject of the "Cock-tail Guards," and was knocked down by the muscular George. The combatants were separated before any serious consequences took place. Jordan seems to be a hard fellow to travel, but "Secesh" principles will not carry him far. We rather think Master George w shes he did'nt by this time, as it is evident that the subject is a sore one with him.

Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, is soon to open its doors, with the following company, under the management of Mr Guest:—J. H. Taylor, leading man; M. V. Lingham, juvenile; Harry Jordan, comedian; A. W. Fenno, stage manager; George Stoddard; C. Walters; Charles Bass, old man; George Lingard, Paul Cain, F. D. Lawlor, Lewis, Isaacs, C. Jordan; Mrs. H. Jordan, Mrs. George Stoddard, Mrs. Duffield, Miss Lizzie Emmons, Miss Dillingham, Mrs. C. Walters. The opening piece will probably be "The Hunchback."

John Henry Anderson, "Professor of Ambidextrous Prestidigitation," being somewhat riled at the remarks of a "correspondent," published the following challenge in a Cincinnati paper of the 6th inst.:—"Your correspondent having been to see my son bound on the stage, thinks that he fully understands the trick, and with amiable zeal for the enlightenment of the public, eagerly imparts his knowledge to your readers. The whole process of the binding and the secret of the unbinding are explained to the complete satisfaction of one person, that person being your own ingenious correspondent. I am not a hard-hearted man, and do not like to dissipate the illusion of any one who derives happiness from felicitating himself on his own astuteness. I would rather that a gentleman so discerningly sagacious as your correspondent should enfold himself in the robes of his own self-congratulations, and believe that he has penetrated with eagle glances, with analytic penetration, and with presti-ocular perspicuity into one of the arcanas of the Wizard; but the duty that I owe to the public urges me on another course, and reluctantly I have to declare that your correspondent is entirely wrong in every guess that he has made. I distinctly deny that my son uses two ropes, and that he employs a knife to free him from his bonds; and I make the following challenge:—Let your correspondent come on the stage at the Opera House to-night, and let him bind my son; let him search the curtained box for a knife and rope, and let him satisfy himself that no knife can be handed in. I engage that my son will free himself by Bio Dynamic agency alone. If your correspondent can find any knife, or prove that one has been used in the unbinding, I will pay him $50 on the spot; provided that he suffers himself to be bound by my son, laid on his back on the stage, have a large open knife laid on each side of him, and unassisted sets himself free in ten minutes. As he knows the way in which the trick is done, let him come and do it for $50—an amount which I consider to be fair pay for the performance of a single trick in these hard times. Sailors, packers, jailors, and even bargemen, have come on the stage to try their hands at binding my son, and he has defied them all. Let him have the pleasure, to-night, of being bound by and afterwards binding your correspondent, and I promise that there shall be a clear stage for the operations and a full audience to witness the fun." The latest advices from the seat of war, do not state whether the "correspondent" took up the banter or not, or whether the Professor is $50 out or in.

Mat. Canning, lately, we believe, of the Montgomery, Ala., Theatre, passed through Pittsburgh on the 8th inst. He is negotiating for the Detroit Theatre.

"Bull Run" was still running at McVicker's, Chicago, at last accounts. Chanfrau is reported to be a good nigger, and Myers a "bully" Zouave. Chaplin does Col. Ellsworth well, but is rather too big for the part, which is quite perceptible to an audience that knew the young and patriotic Colonel so well. Jennie S. Hosmer played the unenviable part of Mrs. Jackson, a "secesh" lady, in a commendable manner.....Canterbury Hall is reported as "bust." It is rumored, however, that it is soon to be opened by a hotel proprietor.....Tom Fitch and wife are the attractions at T. Osbornes .....The Jupiter Saloon is in full blaze nightly .....Dan Emmet is doing indifferently well.

The American Concert Hall at Leavenworth, Kansas, is flourishing. The performances are of a varied character, embracing singing, dancing, comic acts, etc. In the company are Jerry Merrifield, Oscar Willis, E. A. Perrine, E. A. Cooper, Ben Wheeler, Miss Ettie Palmer, and several other lads and lasses, who are quite pleased with the management of the proprietor, Ben Wheeler, who, they say, "squares" up punctually, which, it will be admitted, is an excellent trait in the character of one in that "posish."

At Titusville, Pa., portions of Dan Rice's, and Phelps', and Thayers' shows, gave performances on the 19th and 21st ult.

A branch of Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, was to open on the 4th inst., at Crittenden Hall, Titusville, Pa. The "branch" includes the Misses Carrie Lyne and M. Harding, and Messrs. L. Bernard, W. J. Cogswell, T. A. Lyne, D. E. Ralton, and M. J. Martin.

J. H. Reynolds and Prof. J. E. Hartel gave a concert at Port Huron, Mich., on the 2d inst., which was well patronized. The recent boisterous weather has militated against their success, recently; but they are again on the move, and intend to make a stand at Goodrich, Clinton, Stratford, and St. Mary's, C. W. Their performances, vocal and instrumental, are well spoken of.

Henry Jarrett and John E. Owens will shortly open the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, for a few nights. Their intentions are, it is said, to bring together a number of the leading professionals of the day, to play two nights in Baltimore, and two nights in Washington.

No theatre in Brooklyn, is a deplorable fact which many of its citizens grieve over, but do not put their shoulder to the wheel to remedy. The question, "to be or not to be" in reference thereto, is being discussed, however, which may possibly lead to the erection of one, but a fierce opposition may at the same time be expected from the Beecherites, and people of that ilk, who would be afraid of losing caste and capital (the latter the most important to them) should Brooklyn become a city of theatres instead of a city of churches. "A Citizen" ventilates his views on the subject in the following strain: "Greatly to the detriment of her business and property interests, Brooklyn, though in population ranking the third city in the Union, is still without a theatre. That none has been erected on a scale commensurate with the public wants, argues little for the sagacity of real estate owners, or the proverbial shrewdness of our monied men, who foolishly allow New York a monopoly in every notable and profitable enterprise of a public kind—in parks, theatres, etc., all of which tend to draw from Brooklyn thousands of dollars weekly, that, under enterprising direction, would be expended here, greatly to the pecuniary advantages of all classes. If Brooklyn people were bigoted, over-righteous, of the "I am holier-than-thou" sort; if they were avowed and practical ascetics, intently bent on money making by day and night; never seeking relaxation from physical and mental drudgery except in resting, psalm-singing, Sunday school and church-going, on the first day of the week; never devoting an hour, or spending a dollar on rational amusement or innocent recreation—were all this the case, the building or opening of a theatre here would be a bad speculation. But, the reverse of this being the case, in general; the masses being liberal, tolerant of diverse views in religion and politics, charitable, not having the reconscience in the keeping of any man or man-made institution; loving flowers, music, social and literary pastimes desiring to, and actually devoting their evenings to pursuits gratifying and elevating to a refined taste, spending their Sabbaths not only in serving and worshiping God in schools and churches, but often also beneath God's sky, in the open fields, looking up through the beauties and glories of nature to nature's Author and their Divine Father, they are not only averse to, but undoubtedly in favor of the erection of one or more large theatres here in our own city. Tais done, they are quite willing the Academy of Music should be devoted to whatever ends will best suit the views and peculiar tastes of its projectors and patrons. They are quite willing that edifice should be frequented only by opera-goers, admirers of prestidigitateurs, Rareys, Goughs, muscle-improvement Savans, and other celebrites, *par excellence*, in the world of art and intellect. All this, so they have thrown open, on a liberal scale, two or three large, popular, well-conducted places of amusement for their moral and intellectual delectation. Give them these, and they will cease going nightly to New York for amusement, in hundreds, as at present, and will patronise in thousands our own dramatic temples. But while lacking these, it will not do for the Academy people to sneer at them for desiring to have established here such places of amusement. They rather wish the friends of the Academy, of the Philharmonic and Horticultural Societies, and of the Mercantile Library Association, to take the lead in this matter of establishing one or more respectable theatres. They are satisfied there need, and will be no petty jealousy or opposition, from any quarter, to so laudable a movement.—Brooklyn, Nov. 9th, 1861.

The opening of the Platte Valley Theatre on Saturday evening, October 19, was most successful. Long before the hour indicated in the bills for the doors to open, an eager crowd had gathered in front of the theatre, and when the doors opened, the vast throng almost immediately filled the building. The parquette, the boxes, the gallery, presented a "living sea of humanity," and before the curtain rose, the aisles and passages were densely packed. The audience busied itself for a half hour before the curtain went up, in compliments upon the arrangement of the building. At length the bell rang up the drop, and Samuel D. Hunter came forward and pronounced the opening address, which was appropriate, and received with loud plaudits. "Richard III" was the opening play, and was well performed. Mr. H. B. Norman appeared as King Richard; Mr. Gooding, as the Earl of Richmond; and Messrs. Hunter, Pardey, Partello, Whitall, and others, each filled most excellently the parts assigned them. Miss Marietta as Lady Anne, although not professedly a "leading woman" in the business, on this occasion proved conclusively that when an emergency occurred, she was equal to its requirements. The other ladies were also well up in their parts, and contributed to the general excellence of the performance. After the first piece, Mdlle. Haydee, the accomplished *danseuse*, appeared in La Zingarella, and was received with applause. On a second call she gave the Highland Fling in style. The concluding piece was "The Devil's in the Room." George Pardey, as Julius Cæsar, convulsed the house with his oddities. Altogether, the new theatre has achieved a "most palpable hit." The Saturday night's receipts were over $600.

Miss Helen Western is doing well at Troy, N. Y., we are informed. Raymond is the lessee of the theatre, and, together with Loveday, do the principal characters. Miss Helen appeared in "The French Spy," on the 9th inst. She remains there another week.

George Christy and party were at Troy, N. Y., on the 9th inst.

"Pauvrette, or Under the Snow," one of Bourcicault's dramas, was brought out at the Boston Museum on the 4th inst., to a good house, and is on for the ensuing week.

Mr. Forrest continues at the Boston Academy of Music this week, Carlotte Patti, Mad. Von Berkel, Mad. Strakosch & Co., doing the operatic on the off nights.

"Secesh" a new burlesque, will be brought out this (Monday) evening at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, by the Williams.

J. W. Whiston, the humorist and delineator of eccentric characters, performed at the Town Hall, Brockville, C. W., for three nights, commencing on the 7th inst. This week he devotes himself entirely to the amusement of the people of Kingston, C. W., which speaks well for his popularity there.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., theatrical affairs are pronounced "awful dull," and they are anxiously awaiting the "good time coming." Mr. Neafie has been there for two weeks, performing in his usual round of characters.....At Trimble's Varieties, C. T. Smith and lady, Miss Fanny Denham, and Miss Marion Smith, "the infant prodigy," Miss Ida Duval, danseuse, and an Ethiopian Troupe, have been giving attractive performances.

Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge, at their Opera House, in Boston, have struck a "mine of golden quartz" in their Una Grandioso—Tragica—Nonsensicalosio—Burlesqueisco Opera in one consecutive act, entitled "Lucretia Borgia." For a matter of reference to be handed down to future ages, we append the cast:—Duchess Lucretia Borgia, the Poisoner, Mad. Howard Fabrico; Gin-a row, her son by a former husband, although he don't know it, neither does his step-daddy, Sims Reeves; Maffio Orsini, owner of the fast horse 'Comfort' and the ratter 'Nell,' in fact a gay boy, Willyamas Morrioski; Duke Alphon-so-so, husband of Lucretia Borgia, with brains enough to see through a knot-hole, Alonzo Morrisetto; Rusty Fellow, Jeppo-Liver-Atwhosebosuhecan, Go Betterthanzomemen, a Bass Villain, Old Sports, by Epaicardo Kelleydink; Eppie Prengotaneye, and Jotte Trowbridgeoverwater; Don Gorzalo D'Vermicelsoupe, Johnanio Propell; Don Ippecac und Gruelli, Dicki Quicksand. We experience a sense of relief after reading that.

Miss Chestney, a native of Washington, made her first appearance on any stage in that city on the 8th, as Constance, in "Love Chase."

Miss Bettie Stice, only 10 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches high, weighing 253 pounds; and La Petite Belle, 23 years of age, 41 inches high, weighing but 58 pounds, are on exhibition at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, Cal.

At Wilmington, Del., Union Hall was the only place of amusement open last week. At that institution Jake Bubb, Dan Howard, Abijah, Millie Francis and Annie Care were pleasing the people.....Metropolitan Hall, under the management of Joseph Eton, is to be opened on this Monday evening, with the following troupe of performers:—Miss Ettie Fisher, vocalist; Miss Kate Clare, jig and fancy dancer; La Petite Ada, dancer, only 7 years old; Bob Sheppard, the "old original Bob;" Bill Lacunta, banjoist and fancy dancer; Charley Kendall, Yankee comedian and vocalist; Hugh Morton, Negro delineator and comic vocalist; Frank Stull and Miss Mary Rasper; John Holdsworth, pianist; James A. Smith, violinist.

By recent advices from San Francisco, Cal., we learn that during the week ending on the 19th ult., at Maguire's Opera House, the burlesque of "Pocahontas," with Mrs. Leighton, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. O'Neil in conjunction, was given with spirit, in its various parts; also, "The Wind Mill," "Sketches in India," "Governor's Wife," etc., in which Mrs. Leighton and Mr. Jefferson have drawn audiences, who have "laughed themselves into stitches." On the following week the old school comedies were to be restored, with Mrs. Leighton, Mr. Jefferson, and Mrs. Parry, Miss Sophie Edwin, Mr. Booth, O'Neil, and the whole company. Mr. Jefferson's engagement was drawing to a close, and he was to leave for Australia early in November.....At the Metropolitan Theatre, Miss Joey Gougenheim had been playing during the week a round of favorite characters, including Hester Grazebrook, in "The Unequal Match," Miss Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer," Katharine, in "The Taming of the Shrew," Nell Gwynne, in "Court and Stage," Lady Blanche, in the "Babes in the Wood," and Rosalind, in "As You Like It." On the 18th ult. Joey took a benefit, which was well attended.....At the American Theatre, on the 19th ult., a complimentary benefit to the United States Circus Company by the Martinetti Troupe was to be given. In addition to the troupe, Messrs. Painter, Durand, and Wm. Aymar were to appear.

Gen. Tom Thumb and his forces threaten to make a descent upon Brantford, C. W., on the 11th and 12th inst. He will appear at Woodstock on the 13th; Ingersoll, 14th; London, 15th and 16th; Chatham, 18th, and Windsor 19th.

Henderson & Co's Panorama of Pike's Peak and Niagara Falls showed at Chatham, C. W., on the 4th inst.

A new hall is in a state of completion at Detroit, Mich., intended to be used as a first class theatre. The hall was erected by a party styling themselves the "Young Men's Association."

J. Wilkes Booth makes his first appearance in Detroit, Mich., this (Monday) evening, at Mrs. H. A. Perry's Metropolitan Theatre.

BALL PLAY.

AVERAGES OF THE ATLANTIC CLUB FOR 1861.

The Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, having closed play for the season, we present below the season's averages of those of the members of the club who have taken part in first nine matches.

Players.	Matches played in	Matches Lost	Average over	Average and over	Runs	Average and over	Highest score in a Match	Clear Scores	Matches where no runs made	Most hands out	Least hands out	Home Runs	Struck out
1..Boerum	1	1	1	0	6	6.0	6	0	0	1	1	0	0
2..Boughton	1	1	1	0	0	0.0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0
3..Babcock, A.	1	2	2	0	1	1.0	1	0	0	2	2	0	0
4..Colyer	1	2	2	0	5	5.0	5	0	0	2	2	0	0
5..Hawthurst	3	3	2	2	9	3.0	3	0	0	1	1	0	0
6..McMahon	2	2	2	1	5	2.1	3	0	0	3	2	0	0
7..Oliver, Jun	3	3	3	1	6	2.0	3	0	0	4	3	0	0
8..Oliver, Jos	8	8	8	1	24	3.0	6	0	0	1	6	1	0
9..O'Brien, P.	7	7	21	3	19	2.5	5	0	0	4	2	3	2
10..O'Brien, M.	3	3	10	3	9	3.0	6	0	0	4	2	0	0
11..Pearce	10	10	27	2	27	2.7	6	0	0	4	1	0	0
12..Price	2	2	6	0	7	3.5	5	0	0	4	2	0	0
13..Ross	1	1	3	0	4	4.0	4	0	0	3	3	0	0
14..Smith, C.	9	9	22	2	53	3.6	6	0	0	3	1	1	0
15..Smith, A.	1	1	2	0	2	2.0	2	0	0	2	2	0	0
16..Seimsoth, F.	7	7	18	2	22	3.1	7	0	0	4	1	4	1
17..Seimsoth, G.	3	3	8	2	8	2.2	4	0	0	3	2	0	1
18..Seimsoth, R.	6	6	18	3	23	3.5	6	0	0	4	1	0	0
19..Seibert	1	1	5	0	0	0.0	0	0	1	5	5	0	0
20..Thwaites	2	2	5	2	7	3.1	4	0	0	4	1	0	0

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.

The Atlantic Club have played in seven first nine matches, and some of their members in several amalgamated games. Of the former matches they have won five and lost two. Those they won were with the Newark—twice, Excelsior—twice, and Mutual once. Those they lost were with the Mutual club and Liberty of New Brunswick. The total number of innings in the above matches was 59, and the total number of runs obtained was 227, which gives an average of three runs to an innings, with 50 over, or 32 runs to a match with 3 over. The total sum of their opponents in the above matches was 140.

The total number of innings in which no runs were obtained was 12, which gives an average of one to each match, with 5 over; the number scored by their opponents being 16.

The highest score made in a match was 52, and the lowest 12; the same scores on the part of their opponents being respectively 30 and 11.

The highest score made in one innings, 26; that of their opponents being 8.

There were two matches in which double figures were scored in single innings, their opponents not obtaining any.

The total number of fly catches made in six of the above matches—we have not the fielding score of the last match—was 36, and the number of fly catches missed was 16; the highest figures of each in a match being respectively 8 and 4.

The total number of bound catches made in the six matches was 52, and the total number missed was 10; the highest figures of each, in a match, being respectively 11 and 4.

The quickest played game occupied 2 hours and 30 minutes, the longest being 3 hours; the average time of each match being 2 hours and 45 minutes.

The total number of foul balls on which their opponents were put out in six of the above matches was 33, the number on the part of their opponents being 31.

The number of passed balls in six matches was 37, the same on the part of their opponents being 53.

Pearce played as catcher in five of the above matches, and 26 balls passed him on which bases were made, giving an average of 5 to a match and one over.

Of the catches made on the fly in the six matches, Smith made 13 and missed 2; Pearce 12 and missed 2; and P. O'Brien 5 and missed 7, the others not exceeding two each.

Their first match was played August the 5th, and their last contest Nov. 4th. Last season the first match was played May 25th and the last Oct. 29th.

THE LAST GRAND MATCH OF THE SEASON.—The match between two picked nines of Brooklyn, a complimentary arrangement for the benefit of Messrs. Pearce and Creighton, of the Atlantic and Excelsior clubs, took place on Thursday, Nov. 7th, on the enclosed cricket-ground at Hoboken, in the presence of a far less numerous assemblage than that which witnessed the Silver Ball match. Indeed, from the comparatively slim attendance of spectators, we should judge that these benefit matches do not find favor in the ball playing community, free contests being the order of the day among them. There were no less than ten players absent out of the two nines originally appointed to play, among them, every member of the Eckford club. Notwithstanding this delinquency on the part of those selected to take part in the match, two good nines were chosen from the large number of first class Brooklyn players present, and the game was proceeded with, the result being a victory for the first nine—in which Messrs. Pearce and Creighton played—by a score of 17 to 7. The game was very well contested, there being some excellent fielding on both sides, but it was a contest not rely devoid of interest, as far as any excitement in reference to the result was concerned. Had the two nines, originally named as the contestants, been present, it might have been different; as it was, however, there was no object in view, of sufficient importance, to act as an incentive to extra effort on the part of those engaged in the match, and hence it turned out to be comparatively a tame affair. Matches between rival clubs, or between selected nines from separate localities, in which the trophy is simply the ball used on the occasion; and the incentive, the honor derived from a creditable victory, are legitimate affairs, yielding interesting and exciting contests; but when we depart from these, and bring other influences to bear, in which self interest, in a pecuniary point of view, is likely to become prominent, an element is at once introduced that is undoubtedly injurious, in its results, to the best interests of the game. We append a full score of the match on Thursday which gives every necessary particular:

BATTING.

FIRST NINE.	H. L.	RUNS.	SECOND NINE.	H. L.	RUNS.
Creighton, p	2	4	Chapman, c	3	1
Pearce, c	4	1	Brainard, p	3	1
Finaly, 1 f	4	1	Cornwell, s s	4	0
Smith, 2d b	2	3	Crane, 2d b	4	0
Simonson, 3d b	2	2	Patchen, c f	4	0
Holt, c f	4	1	Massey, 1st b	2	2
Joe Oliver, r f	3	2	H Brainard, 3d b	4	0
Joe Oliver, 1 f	3	1	P O'Brien, 1 f	2	1
Kelley, s s	3	2	F Seimsoth, r f	1	2
Total	17		Total	7	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
First Nine	3	0	0	1	3	2	1	2	5—17
Second Nine	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	1—7

FIELDING:

	Fly	B'nd	Base	Total		Fly	B'nd	Base	Total
Creighton	0	0	0	0	Chapman	3	0	0	3
Pearce	3	5	0	8	Brainard	0	0	0	0
Finaly	0	0	0	0	Cornwell	0	0	0	0
Smith	3	1	0	4	Crane	2	0	2	4
Simonson	0	0	0	0	Patchen	2	0	0	2
Holt	0	0	0	0	Massey	1	0	10	11
Joe Oliver	1	1	0	2	H Brainard	1	0	0	1
Galvin	0	0

COLD WINTER IS COMING;
OR, HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Cold winter is coming, with tempest and snow,
He is a surly old fellow, as all of us know;
He freezes our fingers, and pinches our ears,
But then, oh, he brings us such Happy New Years!

He storms and he blusters, and shakes his grey head;
He roars down the chimney to scare us to bed,
And all the long evening, his voice we can hear,
Perhaps he is saying, "A Happy New Year?"

He walks thro' our gardens, and withers our flowers,
He turns into icicles all the bright showers,
He hushes the brookiet, whose song was so clear,
But then he will bring such a Happy New Year.

Old winter is coming, 'tis hard to be poor,
The ills and privations of want to endure;
To have all the future look cloudy and drear,
And never to welcome a Happy New Year.

DADDY BIGGS' SCRAPE
AT COCKERELL'S BEND.

COCKERELL'S BEND is a well-known rendezvous for the hunter and fisher of the Tallapoosa; and a beautiful place it is. The upper end of the curve is lake-like in its stillness, and is very deep; while a half mile below, the river spreads to double its usual width, and brawls among rocks and islets frisged with the tall river grass. The part above is resorted to by those who fish with the rod; and that below by seiners. Opposite the deep water, the hills come towering down to within twenty yards of the river, the narrow intervening strip being low land, covered with a tremendous growth of gum, poplar, and white-oak. Late in the afternoon of a warm May day, this part of the Bend is a most delightful spot. The little mountains on the south and west, exclude the sun-glare completely, and the mere comfort-seeker may lay himself flat in the bottom of an old Indian canoe he finds moored there by a grape vine, and float and look at the clouds, and dream—as I have often done—with no living thing in sight to disturb his meditations, excepting the muskrat on the end of the old projecting log, and the matronly summer duck with her brood of tiny ducklings, swimming, closely huddled, in the shadow of the huge wateroak, whose overhanging limbs are covered with a close network of muscadine vines. Take care! ye little downy rascals! especially you, little fellow, with half an egg-shell stuck to your back!—true, there are not many or large trout in the Tallapoosa: but there are some; and occasionally one is found of mouth sufficient to engorge a young duck! —and almost always in a cool, quiet shade, just like——hist! snap!—there you go, just as I told you! Now, old lady, quit that fussing and fluttering, and take the "young 'uns" out of the way of that other one that isn't far off! Trituration in a trout's maw must be unpleasant, one would think!

The "Bend" took its name from one Bob Cockerell, who, some years ago, inhabited a log hut on the north side, within halloo of the river. Bob, by the bye, was an equivocal sort of a fellow—people said he subsisted on stolen beef! he challenged them always to "perduce the years;" and swore that he lived honestly, by fishing. Be this as it may, it is certain that his daughters, Betsy and Margaret, were the naiads of the Bend; and all the "old settlers" thereabouts, have, at one time or another, been indebted to them for a passage across. They were not, we may well suppose, as graceful or romantic as the Lady of the Lake; but "Mag," with her blue eyes, flowing hair, and "cutty sark"—arranged with special reference to the average depth of water in the bottom of the canoe—was, at least, as pretty. And "the best day" the Scotch woman "ever saw," I'd venture the little Tallapoosian could have beaten her easily, in a "single dash of a mile," with the paddles! They are gone now! but wherever they are, bless them!—they never kept one waiting as some male ferry keepers do, but were aye at the "landing," and in the boat, before the echo of your shout had crossed the river!

It chanced once, that the writer encamped for a day or two on the narrow strip spoken of, with a company of the unsophisticated dwellers of the rough lands in that region, of whom the principal personage was "Daddy Elias Biggs," sometimes called "Daddy 'Lias," but more commonly "Daddy Biggs." We were on a fishing expedition, and at night hung a short line or two from the branches of the trees which oversweep the water there, for "cat." One night, as we had just done this, and were gathered around the fire, a gallon jug passing from hand to hand, "Daddy Biggs"—who was a short, squab man, rosy-cheeked, bald, and "inclining to three score"—remarked, as he extended his hand towards a long, gaunt fellow, with a very long nose, and a very black beard—

"Boys, ain't you never hearn what a h—ll of a scrape I had here, at this very spot, last year? Billy Teal, let me have a suck at that yeathen-war, and I'll tell you all about it."

The old man took "a suck," smacked his lips, and began his relation.

"You all 'member the time, boys, when them Chatohospa fellows come here a fishin'? D—n 'em, I wish they could fish about home, without goin' twenty mile to interrupt other people's range! Well, they camped right here, and right here they seed the Devil!"

"Seed the Devil!" exclaimed Billy Teal.

"Did they, in right down airnest, now?" asked Jim Waters, looking around at the dark woods, and insinuating himself between Abe Ludlow and the fire, in evident fright.

"They seed the Devil," repeated Daddy Biggs, with emphasis, "and kecht him, too!" he added; "but they couldn't hold him."

"Good Gracious!" said Jim Waters, looking around again, "do you think that he stays about here?" and Jim got nearer to the fire.

"He stays about here some," replied Daddy Biggs. "But, Jim, son, get out from the fire!—you'll set your over-balls afire!—and get me the sperrets I'll buss the jug agin, and tell you all about it."

Bill Teal had deposited the jug behind a log, some ten feet off; but Jim Waters was not the lad to back out, it the Devil was about; so he made two desperate strides and grabbed the "yeathen-war," and then made two more, which brought him, head first, jug and all, into the fire. Chunks and sparks flew everywhere, as he ploughed through!

"He's got you, Jim!" shouted Abe.

"Pull the boy out!" exclaimed Bill and myself in a breath, "or he'll burn up!"

"Some on ye save the——jug!" screamed Daddy Biggs, who was standing horror-stricken at the idea of being left without liquor in the woods.

In a minute both boy and jug were rescued; the former with burnt face and hands, and singed hair; the latter entirely uninjured.

"Well, well," chuckled Daddy Biggs, "we come outen that fust-rate—the jug ain't hurt, nor no liquor spilt. But, Jim, I'm raaly 'stonished at you! pitchin' in the fire that way, and you a knowing that was every drop o' sperrets we had!"

"Oh, but, Daddy 'Lias," interposed Dick McCoy, "you must look over that—he seed the Devil!"

"Well, well, that 'minds me I was gwine to tell you all about that hell of a scrape I had wi' them Chatohospa fellows last summer; so I'll squeeze the jug one time more, and tell you all about it."

Throwing his head into an admirable position for taking a view of things heavenly, Daddy Biggs inserted the mouth of the jug in his own mouth when for a short space there was a sound which might be spelled, "luggle-uggle-luggle-lul-uggle;" and then Daddy Biggs set the jug down by him, and began his story once more

"Well, boys, they was 'camped right here, and had sot out their hooks for cat [fish], jist as we've done to-night. Right thar, this side o' whar Bill's line bengs, some on 'em had tied a most a devil of a hook, from that big limb as goes straight out thar. He must a had a kunnoo to fasten it whar he did' else cooned it on the top o' the limb. Well, it's allers swimmin' under that limb, but thar's a big rock, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, comes up within six inches o' the top. Right round that was whar I'd ketcht the monstousest, most oudaciousest Appeloosas cat, the week before, that ever come outen the Tallapoosy; and they'd hearn of it, and the fellow with the big hook was a fishin' for hit's mate. D—n it, boys, it makes me mad to think how them Chatohospa fellows and the town folks do 'trude on we roover people, and when I'm aggrawated I allers drinks, so here goes agin."

Daddy Biggs threw back his head again—again put the jug's mouth in his own—and again produced the sound of "guggle-uggle-lul-uggle," and then resumed—

"This big-hook feller I was tellin' about, his name were Jess Cole, which lives in the bottom, thar whar Chatohospa falls into the Hoota Locko; and ain't got more'n half sense at that."

"That's the fellow used to strike for Vince Kirkland, in the blacksmith's shop at Dodd's, afore Vince died, aint it?" asked Bill Teal.

"That's him," said Daddy Biggs, "and that's how I come to know him, for I seed him thar once, tho' I can't say he know'd me. Well, he waked up in the night, and heerd a most a h—ll of a sloshin' at the end of his line, and says he, 'Rise, boys! I've got him! Durn my skin, ef I hain't!' And sure enough there was somethin' a flouncin' and sloshin', and makin' a devil of a conbobberation at the eend of the line. Jess he sprung up and got a long stick with a hook at one eend, and retched out and cotcht the line and tried to pull it in; but the thing on the hook give a flirt, and the stick bein' a leetle too short, which made him stoop forard, in he fell! He scuffled out tho' tolloble quick, and ses he, 'boys, he's a whaler!—cuss my eternal buttons, if he ain't the rise of sixty pounds! Old Biggs may go to h—ll now with his forty-pound cats, he can't shine no way!' When I heerd that, boys, I——"

"When you heered it?" exclaimed all.

"Yes! me!" said Biggs, laughingly; "didn't I tell you that before? Well, I oughter done it, but forgot. D—n it, we'll take a drink on that, any way!" and so he did.

"So 'twas you instid o' the Devil he cotched," observed Jim Waters, apparently much relieved by the disclosure.

"Jist so; and the way it was, I seed the rascals as they were comin' here, and knowed what they were arter. So when night comes, I slips down the roover bank mighty easy and nice, twere I could see the camp-fire. But thar was a dog along, and I was afraid to ventur up that way. See, I was arter stealin' their fish they'd cotched through the day, which I knowd in reason theyd have a string on 'em in the water, at the kunnoo landin', to keep fresh. Well, seein' of the dog, I 'cluded I'd 'tack the inimy by water, instido' land. So with that I took the roover about thirty yards above here, and sure enough, finds the string of fish jist whar I knowd they'd be; and then I starts to swim down the roover a little ways, and git out below, and go to Jerry White's, and tell him the joke. Boys, ain't you all gittin mighty dry? I am.

And Daddy Biggs drank again.

"Well, boys, jist as I got whar that d—d hook was, not a thinkin o' nothin but the fun, the cussed thing ketched in one thigh of my over-hauls and brought me up short. I tried the cussedest ever a feller did to get loose, and couldn't. I had no knife, and thar I flew round, and pulled first forard and then backards, and reared and pitched, and made the water bile. Fact boys, I was 'hitched to a swingin' limb,' and no mistake. Once or twice I got on the top of the sugar-loaf rock, and je-e-est about the time I'd go to untie the d—d rope of a line, the blasted rock was so slippery off I'd slaunch!—fact boys! —and it aggrawated me; it aggrawated me smartly, so it did! Ef I'd a had liquor then, I'd a took some, I was so d—d mad! Well, in this time, that long-legged cuss, Jess Cole, wakes up as I telled you, and hollers out the way I norated. Boys, what do you all say to another drink! It makes me so cussed mad every time I think about it!"

Once more Daddy Biggs gazed at the stars!

"Yes, boys, it does make me mad. But it's allers been so, ever since I left old Pedee! Fust I went over to the Forky-Deer country—well, they driv me away from thar! Then I struck for the mountain country high up in Jurgy, and I finds me a place by the side of a nice big krick; and thinks I, nobody never kin pester me here, certain; for ef they git down in the bottom, they'll be overflowed, and ef they ondertake to build housen on the hill-sides, they're so durned infernal steep, they'll have to rope 'em to the trees! Well! what do you think?—hadn't been thar but little better'n two year, afore they was as thick all round me as cuckle-burrs in a colt's tail, a huntin and a fishin all about me and had bilt lanes—*lanes*, i' God, everywhar. So I flings the old coman across a poney, and comes here—and I've bettered the thing mightily, to be sure, with this d—d scatter-gun crowd, from town and Chatahospa, a makin the woods and roover fairly roar from one day's eend to another—aint I? But, as I was a sayin about that scrape I had wi' 'em—soon as Jess said that about his cat bein bigger'n mine, I said in my mind, 'I'll whip you, certin! Well, they kept up a most h—ll of a hollerin, and every now and then, some on 'em would throw a long log of wood as they had cut for fire, as nigh at me as they could guess, to stunt the cat, you see; but the branches of the tree favored me mightily in keepin 'em off—though they'd hit pretty close by me 'casionally, ca-junk! strikin eend-foremost, you see. So they kept up a right smart throwin' of logs, and me, a right peart dodgin, for some time; and I tell you, it took raal nice judgment to keep the infernal hook outen my meat; it grained the skin several times, as it was. At last, Jess he climbs into the tree and gits on the limb right over me, and sez he, 'boys, I b'lieve hit's a mud turkle, for I see something like the form of one, right under me.' Thinks I you'll find it one of the snappin sort, I judge. Then another one says, 'thar's a way to try that. Jess, ef you see him;' and he hands Jess a gig. 'Now,' ses he, 'gig him!'

"'Gig the Devil!' says I, for I was pestered.

"'Great G—d!' squalled Jess, 'hit's the Devil!' and down he tumbled right a top of me! I thought I was busted open from one eend to tother! Sure enough though, I warn't, but only busted loose from the line. Both on us put for the bank quick, but on account of my gittin holt of the gig, which ruther bothered me, Jess got ashore just. I was right arter him though, I tell you, with the gig! When I clum up the bank, I found the rest was all kleen gone, and thar lay Jess, which had stumped his toe agin somethin, right flat on his face, a moanin dreadful!

"'Oh- I've got you now, Jess,' ses I.

"'Please Devil!' ses Jess.

"'Must take you along with me,' ses I, in the d—dest most onyeathly voice you ever heered.

"'The hogs I took warn't marked,' ses Jess, a shiverin all over.

"'They warn't yourn,' sez I.

"'I'll never do so no more,' ses Jess, shiverin wuss and wuss, 'ef you'll let me off this time.'

"'Can't do it, Jess; want you down in Tophet, to strike for Vince Kirkland. I've got him thar, a blacksmithin' of it. He does all my odd jobs, like pintin of my tail, and sich like! Can't let you off—I've come a purpose for you!'

"I seed the poor devil shudder when I called Vince's name, but he didn't say no more, so I jobs the gig through the hind part of his overhauls and starts down to the kunnoo landin with him, in a peart trot. The way he scratched up the dirt as he travelled backards on his all-fours, was a perfect sight! But jist as I struck the roover, he got holt of a grub and the gig tore out, and he started tother way! I never seed runnin' twell then—taint no use to try to tell how fast he did run; I couldn't do it in a week. A 'scared wolf' warn't nothin to him. He run faster'n six scared wolves and a yearlin' deer. Soon as he got a start I made for a log whar I seed their guns, and behind that I finds the big powder gourd they all kept their powder in that they warn't a usin'. Thinks I, ef you aint all kleen gone, I'll finish the job for you; so I pitched the gourd—it hilt fully a gallon—smack into the fire, and then jumped in the roover myself. I hadn't more'n got properly in before it blowed up. Sich a blaze I never seed before. The n'ise was some itself, but the blaze covered all creation, and retched higher than the trees. It spread out to the logs whar the guns was, and fired them off! Pop! pop! pop! No wonder them Chatahospa fellers never come back! Satan, hisself, couldn't a done it no better, ef he had been thar, in the way of racket and n'ise!"

Daddy Biggs now took a long breath, and a longer drink.

"Boys," he then added, "I got them fellers' fish and a two gallon jug of sperrets, and I throwed their guns into the roover, besides givin' 'em the all-gortiest scare they ever had; and they ain't been back sence, which I hope they never will, for it's oudacious the way the roover folks is 'posed upon. And now, boys, that's my 'scrape;' so less take another drink, look at the hooks, and then lay down!"

SING-PING.—In one of the streets of Hong Kong, says a correspondent, the theatre celestial, Sing-Ping, finds a "local habitation and a name." From its matted walls arise o' nights strange, noises, which are torture to a man who in his sober senses walks within. I went there once. It was a select occasion, when the blood tragedies of the empire were being enacted with terrible fidelity—such have been in San Francisco, so I needn't speak of plays—where talk was for a time drowned—as Richard the Third did drown the voices of those railing women—and music in its maddest phrase was let loose on the boards. The orchestra, you know, is in the back ground on the stage, and we have to face the players and the music, too. The lights are not foot-lights, but they so shine before the men that you can see the cracks and wrinkles in their chalked faces. In face painting and dresses they would set the world the fashion; in all other things, they are unique. But the tumbling is worth looking at and waiting for, and such as cannot be seen anywhere out of China. The athletes comprise a band of nearly forty Chinese youths, of no particular development of muscle, but of regular China—not India rubbers. The leaders make your eyes wink as they bound free of the boards (not elastic) and turn a somersault in the air and come pat on their feet again. Human rings are made and rolled along the stage. A table is placed breast-high in the middle of the floor, and the whole band follow their leader in diving over it. Coming down on the opposite side on their hands, they were up in an instant, for another run and go, till a constant stream of bodies seemed poring over the table in curves as graceful as the dolphin's plunge. It would take a page to enumerate the feats of skill, strength and agility performed. They make figures by piling up one on top of the other in a kneeling posture, and one young chap carried around seven of his fellows who were grouped about his hips and shoulders. The audience of foreigners present, appeared vastly pleased as well as astonished, and the Chinese, gratified by their approbation, built up figure after figure in yet more puzzling succession, till a policeman in uniform stepped on the stage, when the crowning figure melted away, and the band disappeared behind the curtain. Their time was up, and the clock tolled the hour for retiring, and the watchman closed up the play sharp.

A DESPERATE LEAP.—The birdcatchers of St. Kilda frequently risk their lives in following the fulmar. Two of them, provided with long ropes, proceed to the edge of a crag. One of them fastens the strongest cord under his arms, and holding the end of the other in his hand, is lowered from the rock. His companion stands a little distance from the edge, holding the rope which is fastened round his waist tightly with both hands, while he allows the signal end to slip away under his foot. So soon as the fowler reaches a slope covered with fulmars, he collects his harvest: he picks up eggs and young, and kills the old birds with a short stick, or catches them with a noose fastened to the end of a switch. He then fastens the birds together, and seeks a new colony; till, at length, richly laden, he gives the signal to be pulled up. The skill of these island cragsmen is astounding. The smallest surface is sufficient for them to stand on; and they crawl on hands and knees, when loaded with birds, along the narrowest ledges of rock. Their strength is so great, that if the fowler who has been let down makes a false step, and falls the whole length of the rope into the abyss, his comrade saves him and himself by his obstinate resistance. Such strength reminds us of the heroic age. But even more wonderful stories are told. One morning a fowler went out alone. After fastening his cord round a rock, he let himself down till he reached the spot where he hoped to have a good day's work. By cleverly using his feet to swing himself from the crag, he managed to reach the spot, but neglected to fasten the rope round his body. While collecting the birds, it slipped from his hands, oscillated a few times, but at last hung motionless from six to eight feet from his hand. For a moment the cragsman stood in mute horror, almost robbed of his sense by the sudden awfulness of his position. And it was, in truth, frightful; the rock above him was steep as a wall; the sea below was filled with jagged rocks; there was no chance that, at the depth he was, his voice could reach the ears of his fellow men. There was only one thing left him; a frightful leap might enable him to seize the rope, and save himself. If he missed, death was certain; but better so than to die of starvation on the crag. He formed a brave resolution, muttered a short, fervent prayer, collected all his strength, and sprang into the vacuum. He lived to tell the deed; for he succeeded in clutching the rope and returning to his family.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED.—Professor Pearson, in his "Early and Middle Ages of England," sums up the character of the above named monarch in the following style:—"The strength and ferocity of a savage, the strategy of a general of division, the accomplishments of a troubadour, and some skill as a linguist, redeem him from contempt as a man, but do not entitle him to honor as a King. His arrogance almost amounted to insanity, and his greed of money was unparalleled in English history. Less sensual than William Rufus, he was in no other respect morally his superior. The different reputation of the two men is explained by the single fact that Rufus declined a crusade and Richard joined it. To have yielded to the spirit of the age, and fought in Palestine instead of Europe, has made the difference with posterity of six hundred years of reputation instead of undying infamy.

A SAILOR ON HORSEBACK.—The war correspondent of the *Providence Post*, writing from "Camp Brightwood," across the Potomac, tells the following story of one of the men connected with the Fifth Rhode Island Battery:—"Not long since one of the riders, a son of old Neptune, got unseated from his horse. The commanding officer came up and reprimanded him, and asked him sternly if he did not know how to ride? He unhesitatingly said:—"No." "What did you then enlist for?" asked the captain. To which the sailor promptly replied:—"To shoot d——n Secessionists; not to break colts." The reply so amused the officer that he rode off smiling.

CINGALESE CHEATS.—The Cingalese, if you will permit them, hesitate not to palm off upon you a flint spar for a diamond, and all kinds of glass-mounted rings for rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. In India it is not unusual to offer a native, for an article which he presents for sale, one third of the price asked, which is often about its real value; but at Galle, the "merchants," as they are called, are so unscrupulous that they have been known to reduce their demand for an emerald ring from about $15 to a couple of rupees.

AQUARIA IN PARIS.—A magnificent building, after the model of the Aquaria of Herculaneum, has recently been erected in the Zoological Gardens, in Paris, where a collection of fishes is to be formed, and opportunities given for observing the singular and varied inhabitants of the sea and rivers. This building is over fifty yards square, and along one side of the interior the reservoirs, 14 in number, are arranged, each containing nearly 250 gallons, some of sea and others of fresh water. Three sides of these aquaria are formed of Angers slate, the other, towards the spectators, of the finest St. Gobian glass, admitting the light from above, which is so arranged that in passing through the water, it illuminates the bottom of the reservoirs, which are rendered as natural as possible by rocks and aquatic vegetation, among which the fishes swim as in their native waters. The first four reservoirs are devoted to the fresh-water fishes and molluses; placed in the remaining ten, the inhabitants of the sea, in all their variety—annelids, crustacea, molluscea, and fishes, including herrings, soles, turbots, &c.—are to be placed.

NOVEMBER.—November was termed *wint-monat* by the Saxons, whereby we may see that our ancestors were, in this season of the year, made acquainted with blustering Boreas; sea-faring was given over for a time, notwithstanding the shortness of their voyages, until March. November is represented, by Peachum, "in a garment of changeable green and black; upon his head a garland of olives, with the fruit; in his left hand, bunches of parsnips and turnips; in his right the sign Sagittarius."

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